The Beaver

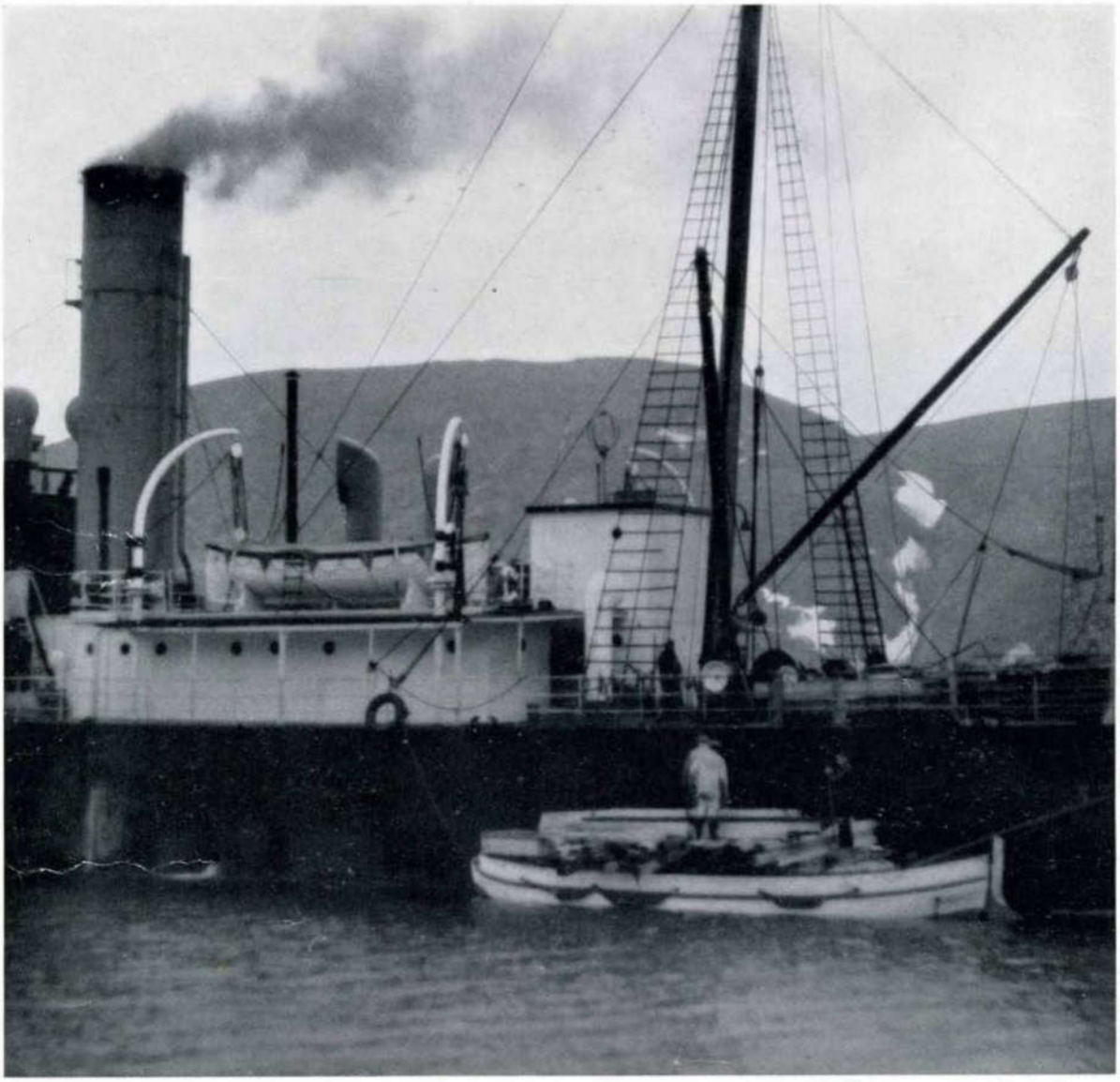
A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

OUTFIT 273 SEPTEMBER 1942



Nascopie at Wolstenholme

Lorene Squire

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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Shaman's owl mask, Haida.

PACIFIC COAST ART

Bear mask, Haida.

by Alice Ravenhill

The striking aboriginal art of the Pacific Coast Indians furnishes plenty of inspiration to commercial designers of the present day.

WHEN the Museum of Modern Art in New York held its exhibition of American Indian arts and crafts last year, many commercial designers, as well as students of art, received great inspiration from the variety of forms and colours displayed. The exhibition was divided into two groups. In the first and larger section, nine hundred examples of Indian tribal arts were on view, including murals and other paintings; carvings on bone, ivory and wood; embroideries; quill and bead work; and a wide variety of weaving and basketry. The second and much smaller group showed applications to present-day uses of these almost untapped sources of designs, collected from the Arctic to New Mexico.

The idea which prompted the organizers of this exhibition had been maturing for some time, awaiting a favourable opportunity to arouse public interest. As a matter of fact, such a proposal was brought forward twenty years ago by Harlan I. Smith, of the National Museum at Ottawa, when he pointed out in a bulletin that the early Indian arts of Canada might well serve as a suitable starting-point for manufacturers in the production of distinctive Canadian designs. And he backed up this novel proposal with practical information on how to overcome difficulties, concluding with a long list of outlets for their employment. The four hundred examples with which he illustrated his points he described as, "in themselves beautiful forms, capable of inspiring useful shapes, designs and trade-marks."

The seed sown in this bulletin has germinated very slowly. Possibly the words "prehistoric" and "primitive" applied to art gave the impression of something crude, imperfect, coarse; whereas they refer merely to that period in a people's existence before the keeping of methodical, consecutive records known as history. The point, however, of immediate interest lies in the fact that one half of the eighty-four plates in this volume, which covers the whole of Canada, illustrate specimens from the coast of British Columbia. Here an individual and peculiar form of art, representing animal forms with outstanding skill, was evidently the result of a long period of development by unusually inventive craftsmen.

Much study has been given to these tribes and their arts since the days when first the attention of white men was called to them by Captain Cook and his fellow explorers, Spanish and British, a century and a half ago. Their writings showed how intimate was the part played by the arts in every detail of these peoples' lives; but the deeply spiritual beliefs on which these were based were not realized for a long time. Nevertheless, the diaries of these men suffice to show the justness of a recently expressed opinion, that this remote edge of Canada is "one of the most outstanding centres of primitive art in the world."

Up to the present, the origin of this art, as well as that of the very complicated social and financial system with which it was linked, remains what Dr. Jenness of the National Museum recently described as "a mystery, though the spades of archaeologists may at any moment succeed in uncovering new and possibly unexpected clues."

It would be interesting to know, for instance, why these tribes alone of all North American Indians excelled in sculpture and painting of great brilliancy, and what led them to represent animal forms rather than geometrical or floral patterns. They chose the creatures familiar to them in their surroundings: the raven, eagle, hawk, frog, killer whale, bear, wolf, owl, and many more; but they also gave prominence

Mortuary pole, Haida. Top, the moon; middle, mountain goat; bottom, bear. A more accurate picture of this pole will be found in the June 1940 *Beaver*.

Inside house pole, Haida. Upper face, raven; lower face, hawk.

The sketches in this article are reproduced from coloured charts prepared for the Dominion Government by the Society for the Furtherance of B.C. Indian Arts and Crafts.

Mosquito, and red winged flicker. These are from drawings by the celebrated artist Chief Edenshaw of the Haidas.

to imaginary forms, representations of the invisible spirits with which they believed themselves surrounded, and of whose origin and activities we learn something from the fascinating myths which survive.

With great ingenuity these Coast Indians fashioned the bulk of their utensils and implements, even their clothing and bedding, from the wood of the invaluable cedar, and turned stone to account for other needs. They had practically no metals until after contact with the Russians early in the eighteenth century, when the supply was limited to a few sheets of highly prized copper and a very few iron knives.

Thus these artists had to rely for their skilled work upon such unpromising substances as stone, bone, ivory, wood, horn, and a form of slate found only in Queen Charlotte Islands. Paints they prepared from certain ochrous earths, fungi or burnt clam shells; and for polish they used shark- or dog-fish skin or their own hands. Each man had to collect, test, and prepare all his materials, and devise how to surmount every technical difficulty. With the aid of stone adzes or highly treasured jade chisels they pecked, carved, incised, engraved, and inlaid the designs seething in their brains, with only the incisor tooth of a beaver or the tip of an antler for the finest details.

Fortunately, one form of their wealth consisted of richly decorated possessions, and this gave a great stimulus to all forms of their arts. These might consist of such objects as a huge painting of an ancestral adventure on the front of the owner's house, possibly measuring twenty feet by twelve (a custom which long preceded that of the more generally known totem or heraldic poles); or massive inside posts, sculptured with life-sized figures, to support the heavy roof beams. Around the walls might be seen handsomely carved chests, not only for storing everyday necessaries, but filled with highly ornamental equipment for tribal dances and secret society celebrations, and for gifts or display at potlatches or feasts.

Among these there would be elaborate chief's headdresses, sometimes inlaid with iridescent abalone shell, or his ceremonial batons, carved with mythical figures and painted with tribal colours. These were always used with restraint and confined to black, white, dull red, a little dark green or a copperish blue. There might also be buckskin cloaks, the borders painted in a series of delicately drawn birds in flight; and finely carved and polished ivory charms.

What some experts consider the highest development of Northwest Coast art undoubtedly found a place among these treasures in the shape of some of the masks used in ceremonial functions. They would include representations of mythical ancestors or beautifully contoured portraits; enormous bird or animal heads, some grotesque, others realistic or terrifying, with ingenious moving parts controlled by cords. These elaborate masks could move their eyes, open and close their jaws with a snap, lengthen or reduce telescopic noses, flicker quivering tongues or appear to transport themselves unassisted from one person or one part of the house to another. A mask with the appearance of a bird or animal would split open to reveal a human face within or that of the sun or moon; and when these tricks were intensified by ventriloquism, and the masks were worn by weirdly costumed dancers in the light of flickering flames, they exercised exciting effects on an emotional people.

The form of Northwest Indian art most generally known is that of totem or heraldic poles. Actually it was one of the latest to appear, being long preceded by the housefront paintings already referred to. These magnificent poles were chiefly used by the two wealthiest tribes, the Haida and Tsimsyan. Their near neighbour, the Kwakiutl, also used them to a lesser extent but never reached the degree of skill attained by the other two. They served the purpose of sign-posts, coats-of-arms, and symbols of the standing of their owners whose house they distinguished, and to which they sometimes formed the entrance through a circular opening in the base of the pole. The upper and lower of the three sections into which these poles were usually divided displayed the crests of the owner and possibly that of his wife, announcing by this means the rank held and the family clan or tribe to which the owner or his wife belonged. The intermediate section was generally filled with representations of an ancestor, or referred to a family myth.

The heraldic or totem poles are often confused with a very similar form of which the use was most prominent among the Tsimsyan—the memorial pole. This was erected after the death of the individual commemorated, often at a little distance from his former home. A third type, the mortuary pole, supported a large chest, in which were enclosed the remains of the dead chief; and the supporting portion was often elaborately carved with the crest of this individual, one of which always appeared on the side of the chest seen by passers-by.

Virtually every possession was decorated, and always with pride in the handicraft exercised, whether it was the wooden pail moulded with steam in which water was carried, or the domestic implements used by tribal women in their many skilled industries, or the wooden helmet or slatted armour of a warrior.

Yet so fertile was the imagination of this "nation of artists," so reliable their memories, so keen their

Eagle gambling stick, Tsimsyan, and killer whale, Haida. In all these designs, note the absence of any angles except very sharp ones.

Left to right: Raven, Haida. Bear crest, Tsimsyan. Eagle crest, Haida. The last two are house-front paintings. The bear has been split up the back and flattened out, the circular hole in his middle forming the entrance to the house.

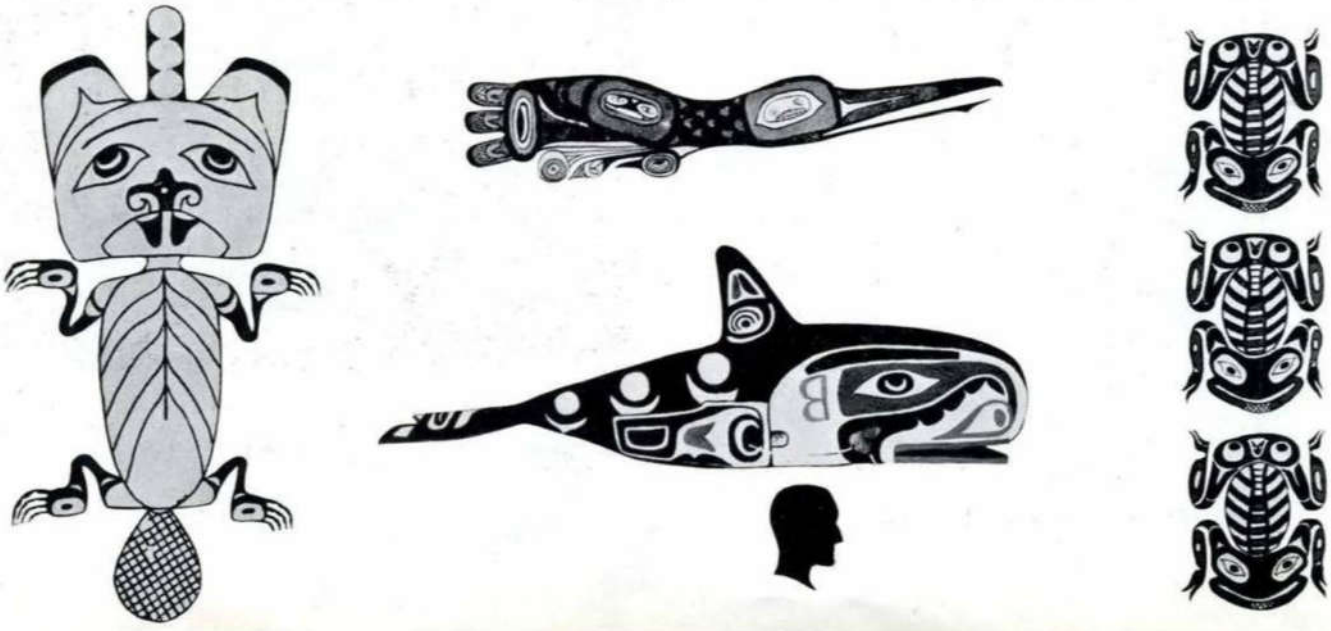
observation, that their myriad representations of fish, birds and animals were rarely if ever duplicated. Selection for all decorative purposes was no careless or random choice. The design was often chosen to increase the efficiency or to suggest the object of the article in question. For instance the heavy stone or bone clubs used to kill large fish, such as halibut, after hauling them into a canoe, would be carved to represent a sea-lion or killer whale, who also killed these fish for food.

Most noteworthy and striking features of all these representations were their vivid realism, their "aliveness," apparent in the pose of the head, the grip of the claws, the attitude of the wings or the expression of eyes and mouth; and yet they were both conventional in numerous details and definitely symbolic. Balance and symmetry in design were never overlooked, though often ingenuity was called for to dispose of difficult details, such as fins or limbs, which often appear in the designs, in unexpected relation to the body of fish or animal; and much use was made of single or double curves to fill otherwise awkward corners or blank spaces; for it was customary to cover the whole surface to be decorated, whether the object was flat or round, curved or oblong.

In some cases the animal or bird would be split up the back and then flattened out, showing both profiles of the entire body; in other cases what may be described as a forerunner of the modern X-ray photograph was employed, showing only the skeleton of the subject and occasional outlines also of the internal organs. Possibly the artist regarded these as equal in beauty and no less interesting than the more familiar external appearance. But though these tribes shared in a common technique and style of design, each was distinguished in its details by individual features, which forbid generalizations. This is one of the chief reasons why, even today, children of one tribe cannot reproduce the forms in which other tribes naturally excel.

For use as symbols these artists searched out the distinctive features of their many subjects and selected these as a means of identification. Thus for the mythical raven a long straight beak is the usual symbol. In the case of the eagle the beak has a downward curve, though quite often if two horns rise from the head it symbolizes a thunder-bird and not an eagle. The hawk is known by a beak curved back into the human mouth which is often included; for seeing the intimate relation between men and animals, human features were constantly combined with those of the creature portrayed. Other identifying features are the large incisor teeth and flat scaly tail of the beaver; the large mouth set with teeth and often protruding tongue of the bear; the wide toothless mouth of the frog; the large, square head, round eyes and prominent dorsal fin of the killer whale; the upturned snout, and very small, usually upturned tail and slanting eyes of the wolf.

Beaver, Haida, showing skeleton. Humming bird and border of frogs, both by Chief Edenshaw. Whale dance mask, showing relative size of wearer's head, Kwakiutl.



After the Russians made contact with the coast tribes in 1724, the great demand for furs brought new wealth to the natives. One result was an increase in the production of totem poles, for the newcomers brought with them a large supply of iron knives that greatly facilitated the carving of the huge cedar trunks. Unfortunately, when the missionaries came, they urged the wholesale destruction of totem poles and symbolic masks which they mistook for idols, thereby quite unintentionally cutting away the root of the sources of inspiration which possibly might have formed a link with the unfamiliar spiritual Deity to which they aimed to convert the (to them) depraved and ignorant tribes.

Most regrettably the development of the tourist trade has also resulted in the deterioration of Pacific Coast art. In its early stages it acted as a stimulus, for the few travellers who reached Queen Charlotte Islands, for example, desired souvenirs of their adventurous journey. This led to the production of finely carved slate models of totem poles, or small, beautifully decorated slate chests, and encouraged quite exquisite engraving on silver bracelets. But as the demand grew, city stores began to stock inexpensive souvenirs, giving a stimulus to the mass production of cheap, inaccurate imitations of so-called totem poles. With characteristic acuteness Japan seized the opportunity to flood the local markets with goods that found a ready sale even when in keen competition with similar products from this continent. The results, like all "bad" art, were feeble, imitative, and lacking in technique. They pandered to the public demand for cheapness, and by taking advantage of the purchasers' ignorance, gave rise to completely false notions about the real character of the original tribal designs.

There never can be even a suggestion that the remarkable arts of the Coast Indians can ever be revived in their original forms, for other causes than those just mentioned encouraged their disappearance at an appallingly rapid rate. Neither would they be in place under modern conditions or adapted to modern requirements. But the United States Indian Arts and Crafts Board has shown that standards of excellence in Indian products can not only be promoted but attained and, what is more, made to pay. The board has developed markets for these goods, provided trademarks and government labels to protect genuine Indian handicrafts, of which a wide variety are now encouraged; and, thanks to the funds available in a wealthy country, has prepared most attractive publications as well as organized exhibitions to arouse appreciation of Indian art objects. The results have created a wide demand from many sources for a supply of these articles, extending from department stores to manufacturers of "mass" supplies.

Fortunately, the seed sown twenty years ago in Canada showed evidence of vitality when a small committee was formed three years ago in Victoria to arouse public interest in preserving the remnants of British Columbian tribal arts. The objects of this committee, known as the Society for the Furtherance of B.C. Indian Arts and Crafts, are definitely constructive, as well as cultural, economic and commercial. Within eighteen months it resulted in the formation of an active branch in the Okanagan district, and hopes exist that in due course another branch may be formed in Vancouver with the support of the University of British Columbia. There are many young Indians awaiting opportunities for the exercise of their

Left: Chief's ceremonial baton, Tsimsyan, in the B.C. Provincial Museum. Right: A fine Haida totem pole, standing in front of a ruined house at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands. The back of a house pole is seen on the left. National Museum.

The convex whorl of a spindle carved from maple wood, 9½ inches in diameter. Salish. B.C. Provincial Museum.

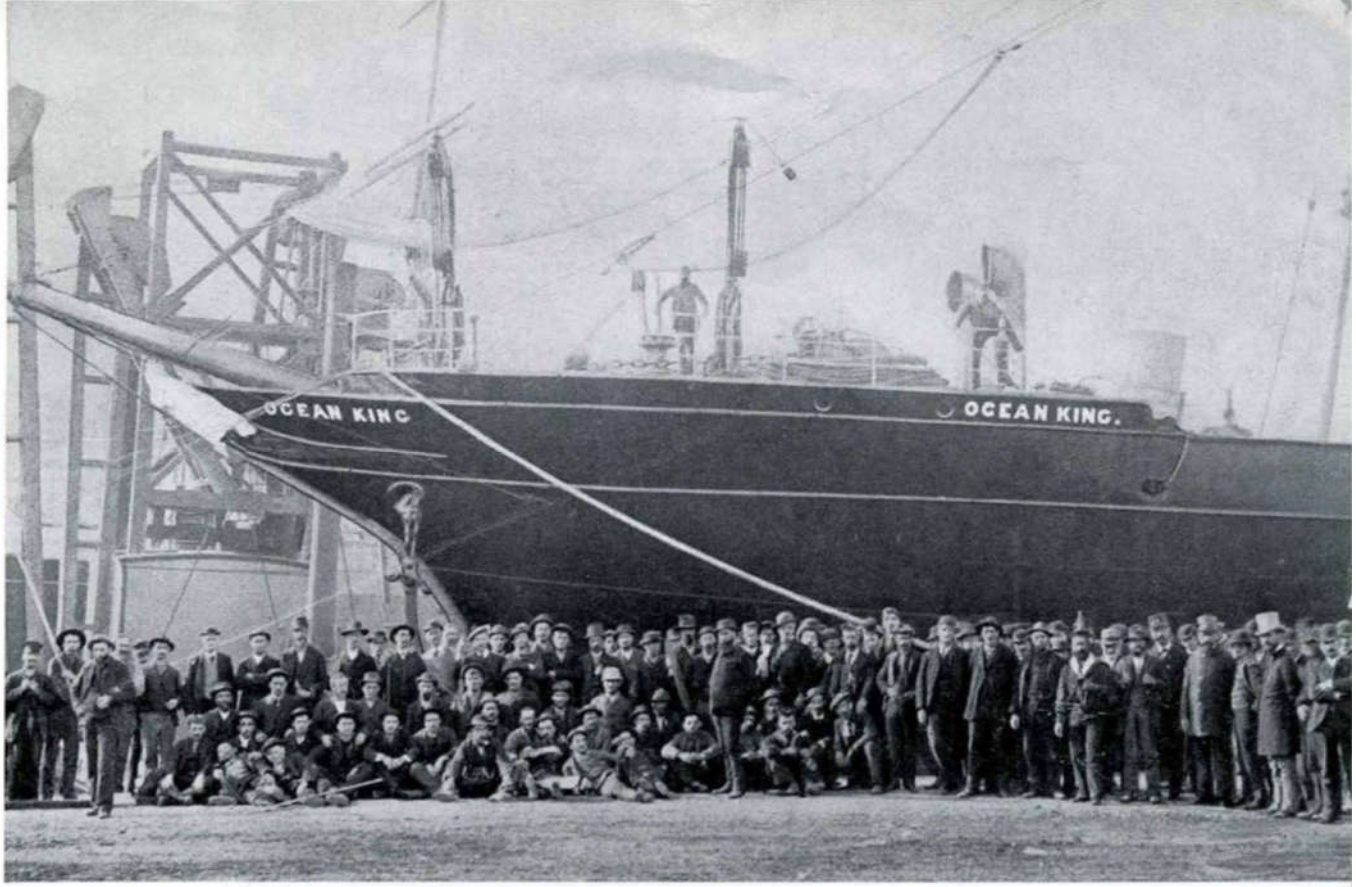
Haida chief's storage chest, carved and painted.
B.C. Provincial Museum.

abilities in a variety of lines. The work carried on for seven years by Anthony Walsh in the Indian school on the Inkameep, and the influence this example is slowly diffusing elsewhere in the province, evidences the existence of that instinct for line and colour which has been described as ready for expression at a moment's notice: "Give an Indian boy a pot of paint and a brush and watch him decorate a wall. No art school, no prescribed instruction in method or style. Animals, trees, mountains, are stored in his mind, alive, ready to spring out and express themselves in their own vitality and style. Apparently close observation and stored up knowledge of visible form and colour constitute an integral part of his life." The original paintings of these Inkameep children have carried off the highest awards in competition with schools from all over the British Empire, and three years ago specimens of their work were the first samples from Canadian schools, and those by Indian children, to be selected by the committee of the English Drawing Society, to be shown to the King and Queen. This honour was repeated last spring, even under wartime conditions, when once again these children earned the coveted Silver Stars, the highest award possible.

Hampered by existing conditions and absence of funds, the committee is keenly aware it has barely scratched the surface of the ground to be covered in the promotion of its objects. The need of support from public opinion and of a much more sympathetic relation between the two races are essentials. Meanwhile, the Indian Affairs office at Ottawa is sympathetic towards its aims, and last year commissioned the preparation of twenty large charts showing the range of their forefathers' arts and crafts for circulation in British Columbia Indian schools. (A few of the drawings from these charts have been used to illustrate this article.) Small exhibitions have been held in Vancouver, Victoria, Osoyoos, and Penticton, consisting entirely of original paintings, designs and handicrafts.

The committee has also published two attractive booklets with original illustrations and letterpress from Indian schools, many hundred copies of which have been sold. And in the past few months it has responded to an Empire-wide invitation from the Manchester Cotton Board of England for original native designs to be used in all forms of textiles and fabrics. The specimen samples sent were approved, and a larger selection is being prepared in response to a courteous intimation that these would be welcomed in order to prepare a display for trade representatives. The immediate utilization of these designs is hampered by ever increasing restrictions due to the war, but the committee now hopes to arouse corresponding interest in the east of Canada where the design, style and colour of Canadian fashions are dictated.

Ceremonial mask, Kwakiutl.



Manitoba voyageurs at Quebec, before embarking for Egypt on the *Ocean King*. The contingent from Manitoba extends to the right as far as the sailor. E. B. Haight is seated beneath the bow with another's hands on his shoulders. Col. Kennedy stands in the centre. *I. Martial*

VOYAGEURS on the NILE

by George Pendleton

CANADA'S contribution to the Egyptian campaign of 1884-5 was a force of three hundred and seventy-seven volunteers. Drawn from logging camps and the rivers throughout the Dominion, they were picked men, thoroughly fit and experienced in handling river craft of all kinds. The "Voyageurs," as they were generally called, attracted much attention during the period of their service, and when disbanded were highly praised for the manner in which they had performed their arduous duties.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the events which led up to the campaign. When the Canadian contingent was organized, the course of the war was directed to obtaining possession of Khartoum, where General Gordon was beleaguered, and inflicting a crushing defeat on the hordes of fanatics who, controlling the Sudan, menaced the peace and welfare of the entire country. To achieve this object, it was necessary to transport troops and munitions by boats for a great distance up the Nile, which was very difficult to navigate for many miles of its course by reason of large cataracts and smaller rapids. The native boatmen familiar with the river were slow of action in emergencies, and not altogether trustworthy by reason of religious affiliations with the dervishes.

Lord Wolseley, who had commanded the Red River Expedition of 1870, is credited with the decision to employ Canadians as boatmen. He had taken charge of the campaign at a time when haste was a paramount necessity. A cablegram was dispatched to his old friend and orderly officer of the Red River campaign, Colonel George T. Denison, asking him to recruit a force of river-men such as had won his admiration in the past. Colonel Denison acted quickly, and with able assistants enlisted men throughout the Dominion. At Winnipeg he was helped by the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company. Herbert Swinford, then in charge of the Company's transport at Grand Rapids, actively assisted. A number of the men engaged had worked for the Company on the rivers of Western Canada, and they belonged to a type no longer required by modern conditions.

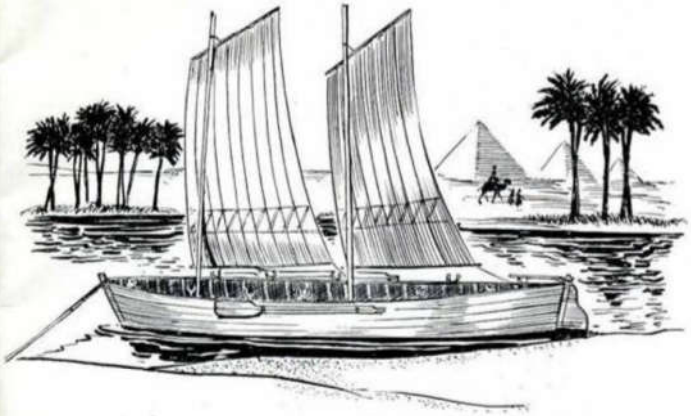
Suitable men were quickly obtained and a contingent went east under Captain James Kennedy, a brother of Colonel Kennedy of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles. They were engaged for a period of six months, with the possibility of re-engagement at the end of that time for a further period of service. The rate of pay was high—five dollars a day with uniforms and rations furnished. The uniform was grey with a large felt hat. The men recruited were assembled at Quebec and embarked on the S.S. *Ocean King*.

The contingent arrived at Alexandria in Egypt on October 7, 1884. To men from the forests and rivers of Canada, this strange city was enchanting. There was something entirely new to them in the dazzlingly white buildings masking a network of alley-ways and slums. There were more people than they had ever

Nile boats at Cairo. *Canadian Pacific Ry.*

before seen—people wearing strange flowing garments and red tarbooshes, with here and there a green one denoting the proud Hadjii, who had pilgrimaged to Mecca. As men acquainted with rivers, they gazed in critical wonder upon strange craft—xebecs, mahones, feluccas and caiques, gaudy of sail and richly coloured of hull. Then, without loss of time, they began a long journey by train and boat to the scene of their labours.

Past Cairo, the pyramids, and the activities of the great delta, and through the long strip of verdure bordering old Father Nile which is Egypt. Through a land of rice and cotton fields, lush pastures, olive groves and date palms. Past walled villages enclosing flat-topped houses, white and blue under the scorching Egyptian sun, where the people lived their little lives as in the days of the Pharaohs. Here were dark-skinned fellaheens labouring with primitive ploughs drawn by patient oxen or water buffaloes; there laughing girls clad in voluminous white and blue robes, balancing huge water pitchers upon their heads. Water-wheels clanked, and the pump of old Archimedes revolved endlessly, pouring water into the canals which rendered fruitful the ever-thirsty soil. Around all were groups of playing children and swarms of naked, velvet-skinned infants. Overhead wheeled flocks of snowy pelicans, reminding the prairie men of home, chattering paddy birds and flocks of doves, with myriads of migrant birds from northern climes. And far away, to either side of the verdant strips, were the yellow, ever-moving sands of the desert.



One of the fleet of whale boats which the Canadian voyageurs tracked up the cataracts of the Nile.

The river, too, held much of interest to our voyageurs. There they saw snowy dahebeeahs, towering and slim of spar, great sailed gayasses sweeping up and down stream equally well, and grotesque nuggars, like half walnut shells, carrying ridiculous masts. As they heard the age old chant of the Nile boatmen, *Hoop ya ragil, hoop bel affia—hoop heli, heli; hoop bel Nebi Sagh*, they perhaps chuckled over the fact that the Sirdar considered the chanson and shout of the western infidel to be more potent in subduing the spirit of the rapids.

At last Wadi Halfa was reached. Here was great activity, for infantry, engineers, artillery and cavalry were preparing for a great advance under Wolseley. Here also was the matériel of war so urgently required by the column which was to advance on Khartoum, nine hundred miles away.

Now, for the first time, the Canadians saw the boats, to handle which they had travelled so far. The craft were of the whale-boat type and had been built to the orders of Col. (later Sir) William Butler, who had served under Wolseley in the Red River Expedition, and who was now in command of the boats. Clinker built, carrying sails and twelve oars, they were about thirty-two feet in length, with a beam of seven feet and draft of thirty-two inches. They could carry loads up to 6,500 pounds. The only thing about them of which the voyageurs disapproved was the keel, for they considered keelless boats easier to handle in white water; but this objection was soon found to be groundless. It was intended that two boatmen be in charge of each, one a native *reis* and the other a Canadian; but this arrangement did not last long, for the westerner soon proved that he was far more capable of handling the boats than his Egyptian confrère. It was found also that, while it required a full day for fifteen to twenty natives to take a boat up a rapid, seven Canadians could do the same job in two hours. The round trip from the foot of the first rapid to the head of the fourth and return to the base required one hundred days. It was soon seen that the task was not so easy as it had at first appeared, but, day after day, under a blazing sun, the work progressed. Imperial troops, marines, and bluejackets worked with a will. Wolseley, in his letters, is rather scornful of the efforts of the deep-sea sailors to handle the whaleboats in a rapid, and his sentiments were seconded by Butler. But finally the back of the job was broken, and the whole force of voyageurs was no longer required.

Though their period of engagement had expired, it was necessary to retain a certain number of them, so eighty-nine men renewed their engagement. Before that, however, Major General Brackenbury had reviewed the river column at Korti. Drawn up under a flagstaff, two thousand men were thanked for their strenuous work and especial praise was accorded to the Canadians for their share of it.

A sidelight on the Canadians' part in the campaign can be found in a letter written by Lady Wolseley to her husband on November 6, 1884. Referring to reports cabled to the London *Standard* by its correspondent at the front, she writes: "His telegrams are full of the difficulties of the expedition. How the Canadians say the cataracts are much worse than they expected; how we must expect much drowning; how it is hard to have no spirits given them after the very hard work they do." Evidently the old fur-trade "regale" had no place in the Sudan.

Of the three hundred and seventy-seven men originally comprising the force, ten gave up their lives. Of these six were drowned in the waters of the Nile. For their services the Canadians were awarded the British war medal and, in addition, the Khedive's star. There are but few living today who are entitled to wear the blue and white ribbon, but one of them still lives in Edmonton. He is Captain Ernest B. Haight, who served the Hudson's Bay Company from 1882 to 1931 and was for many years one of the best known figures on the waterways of the great northwest.

It is from his reminiscences that much of the material for this article has been gathered. Captain Haight's days of activity are past; but he still likes to talk of his experiences in the old fur trade, and of his year abroad when he was a voyageur on the Nile.

Capt. E. B. Haight, wearing his Egyptian campaign medals. *From the portrait by Kathleen Shackleton.*

EXPLORER'S WIFE

by E. Wallace Manning

For two and a half years, Mrs. T. H. Manning and her husband together braved the hardships of Arctic exploration. Her record of northern travel stands unequalled by that of any other white woman on this continent.

ON a day in mid-August 1938, a little group of Eskimo women sat in a tent, in a village somewhere on the west coast of Foxe Peninsula. The hostess—a young woman already grown plump and matronly—and her daughter were chewing abstractedly on pieces of square-flipper skin intended for boot bottoms. The guests, among whom was an old lady smoking an ornamental pipe, were talking desultorily. There hadn't been much news about which they could gossip since spring, when the men had made the last trip overland in to the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Cape Dorset. Occasionally the hostess interrupted her chewing to spit with force and accuracy.

Suddenly there was an interruption. The door of the tent was thrown open, and another feminine member of the community entered hastily, wisps of straight black hair blown by the wind hurriedly wiped from her forehead, and a little, solemn, round-eyed face peering over her shoulder.

The author (right) comes down the gangplank of the *Nascopie* at Montreal on her way north to adventure.

"Girls, have you heard?"

"Heard what?" came a chorus. Maybe this was to be something good.

"Why the men have just got back from seeing the ship, and they say the Kopanak is married."

"Kopanak?"

"Haven't you heard of the white man who has spent so much time in our country, especially Southampton Island? They say he always travels alone, and can live in the north almost as well as one of us."

The old woman laid aside her pipe. "Whom has he married?" she demanded.

"That's the trouble. He has married a white woman. Imagine!"

"Why shouldn't he marry a white woman if he wants to? Isn't he white?"

"But he has an Innuit family with him from Southampton Island," went on the informant. "This white woman was not even born in the country. She will only be a nuisance. If he wanted to take a wife, why didn't he make arrangements with one of us who would be able to look after him properly? What will this white woman know about making boots or preparing skins?"

"It does seem too bad," agreed the old lady, "but you know you never can tell what these whites will do; and anyway it's his business. I should like to see her, though."

It was not until January 1940 that the old lady's wish was granted. One day as she was sitting sewing by the light of her seal-oil lamp, a child threw open the door and burst in with, "They're here."

"Who are here?"

"The Snowbird and his wife. The white woman has just gone in, but the Snowbird is still outside talking to the men."

"Now's my chance," muttered the old lady to herself as she dropped her work and set out for the neighbour's house.

By the time she got in, the house was more than half filled with other women, all talking and laughing quietly, and casting covert glances at the stranger. The old lady wasn't shy, however. She entered with a breeze, and, grinning broadly, looked the white woman up and down. Then she burst out laughing. She looked at the caribou skin clothes the white woman was wearing, for caribou skin clothing had long since disappeared from her wardrobe. She came and sat down beside the Snowbird's wife and plucked her dress; she put an enquiring finger through the slit in the front of her caribou jacket, and on finding warm skin underneath, withdrew it hastily; she turned the white woman's head to see how her hair was cut, and drew the attention of all in the house to the way it was worn. All these probings were accompanied by "Ah's" and "Oh's" and "Ee's," and bursts of hysterical laughter in which the rest were delighted to join.

She indicated by signs that she wanted to know who had made the clothing the white woman wore, and was somewhat impressed when she was told it was made by the wearer. After she had finished her exami-

nation, she accepted a cigarette and seated herself beside her erstwhile victim. Even when the Snowbird himself entered the house and the rest of the women disappeared, she sat on, a privileged character. She even pointed to the Snowbird's clothing and asked who had made that. At last, completely satisfied, she settled down for a little time before she, too, left.

I don't know what her verdict was, for the Snowbird was Thomas and I was his wife.

When Thomas had radioed in the spring of 1938 asking me to join him at Cape Dorset, I accepted unhesitatingly, and in spite of the disapproval of nearly everyone, secured a passage on the *Nascopie*, and was landed at Cape Dorset. Thomas had gone north in 1936. He had spent the intervening two years in completing a map of Southampton Island begun on a previous expedition, besides doing mapping and surveying in the Frozen Strait and Repulse Bay area. In addition to the geographical work, which was largely done in winter, he was interested in making collections of bird and mammal skins, flowers, insects, rocks and fossils, as well as excavating archeological remains. It was with the view of carrying on this work that he went to the little known west coast of Baffin Island, where most of our time after my arrival was spent.

Most of the above related story is, of course, imaginary, although the old lady and her pipe certainly did exist, and her examination of me certainly did take place. The domestic economy of an Eskimo household was utterly unknown to me when I went north. It was very true I knew nothing of making or keeping in repair the sealskin boots, or the caribou skin clothing that we wore; I had never seen a seal-oil lamp, a most necessary adjunct to an Eskimo home, let alone used one; I didn't know how to make bannock, and a snow house was something one read about in books.

I began my housekeeping, not in a modern apartment with gleaming new silver and crystal and piles of linen, but on a little, open thirty-foot whaleboat, named *Polecat*. When we went to sleep we wrapped ourselves, not in trousseau sheets, but in an ancient sleeping bag of caribou skin that had been ripped up to make a blanket-sized covering. It was warm, but it had undoubtedly been slept in many times before. The tiny decked-in fo'c'stle we shared with the Eskimo family, sleeping in turns as long as there was light to travel all night.

I had been married in an old tweed suit instead of the traditional satin and lace, and my travelling clothes were even less orthodox. My nice brown oxfords and silk stockings were exchanged for duffle stockings and sealskin boots, my old tweeds for breeches and shirt, and pullover and duffle dickie. This dress was standard for summer wear. More clothing, and bearskin or sealskin over-pants were added for colder weather.

I had never eaten the kind of food now available. On our first day out from the post, Sandy, our man, shot a seal, and everyone (but me) looked forward to a good supper. I tried my hand at cooking some slices of seal steak on the primus, and when I looked at the dark-coloured slices, I wanted to wrinkle my nose in distaste, but hadn't the courage to refuse it. I hoped my hesitation would pass unnoticed. My husband, however, smiled and said, "Try a piece."

I was hungry, and bit off a little bit experimentally.

"Why, it's quite good." I was most relieved.

It was on my way north that I learned to make bannock. (I shall never laugh at the story of the bride who burnt her biscuits or surreptitiously threw out a soggy cake.)

"The woman can't make very good bannock," said my husband tactfully. "You'd probably do much better if you tried."

"But how does one make bannock?"

"It's very simple. You take flour and baking powder and water in the right proportions and cook it in a greased frying pan. You get the things; I'll show you."

Meat and bannock remained our staple foods. When we left Cape Dorset we had with us milk, butter, tea, coffee, chocolate and jam, and even two cheeses; but after the first few months, we were often without milk and sugar and jam. New ideas for different dishes most often came from Thomas. Jam roll was one of these, and came to be my specialty. Finely chopped caribou suet was added to the basic recipe of flour, baking powder and water, and the paste rolled out with a tin can on the cover of the radio box placed on the bed. The paste was then spread with jam, rolled up, wrapped in a cloth—an empty sugar bag was useful—and cooked in boiling water. This was really excellent. When we had enough sugar, I used to make oat cakes. Once I made a molasses tart. Even bannock can be varied. One can have lardy bannock, raisin bannock, cheesy bannock. Almost anything that would

The Mannings' dome-like tent at Hantzsch River, Baffin Island.

A winter camp. Mr. Manning chops seal-meat for the hungry dogs.

make a change went in. Hare stew with curry and "dumps" was a favourite dish. We never had fresh or canned fruit or vegetables. Weight and carrying space in a two-ton boat—even with two freight canoes in tow—is rather limited, and there were other more needful things. When we lived on Bovril pemmican, of which we had a good supply, we ate vitamin C tablets, and never once had we evidence of scurvy.

My wedding trip took me to Hantzsch River. We carried our house with us. It was an umbrella shaped tent of heavy canvas, about seventeen feet in diameter, having two windows, one on either side of the low door through which one had to duck as one entered the tent. Owing to inadequate supplies of seal oil for heating, it was quite impossible to have separate dwellings for ourselves and the native family, and long-accustomed privacy was put aside as a thing of the past—and, I hoped, of the future. The tent was arranged as the Eskimos arrange theirs; a built-up sleeping shelf occupying the back of the tent, meat on one side of the door, and harness, tools, and other equipment on the other. A row of boxes separated us from the natives, and gave the illusion of a separate place. Before the woman and me was a cooking place, a box on which we could set the primus, and later, the seal-oil lamp, or *kudliq*. This arrangement continued until our Eskimo family left us in December, because of the shortage of dog-feed, and we had the tent to ourselves. There was even then no more room in the tent, for somehow the space they had occupied filled almost immediately, although we could never understand how it happened.

As soon as there was enough snow that could be cut into blocks, a windbreak was made around the tent. To give additional warmth, we put skins and the mainsail from the *Polecat* over the top. Later we built a snowhouse over the tent. We spent most of our second winter travelling, so took down the tent when we left our base, and when we returned, built a snowhouse, putting up the tent inside as a lining. When travelling in winter our shelter for the night was a snowhouse. A tent is very inferior to a snowhouse for winter tripping, and by the time I arrived in the north, Thomas had become adept in building.

Every protection against the cold was necessary the first fall because of the above mentioned lack of seal oil. That year, except for cooking, when we used the primus, we had no heat until November 11. No, I didn't freeze, but I wore all the clothing I possessed. I didn't look forward particularly to having a seal-oil lamp. The prospect worried me a little, especially when Ipicshout, the Eskimo woman, got hers up and lit. The oil smelt, too. My struggles with a *kudliq* will never be forgotten. Ipicshout lit the fire for me the first time, but after that there were days when I put it out as fast as I could get it going. Bad as it was to make and keep a fire going, it was worse to try to cook on the thing. All the first part of that winter it took me a whole day to make three small bannocks, and we ate that much a day. The fire wouldn't stay alight and burning properly. An Eskimo woman fills her basin-like lamp, lights her wick, spreads it, and then can sit back and sew for hours with scarcely a glance at her fire. Ipicshout used to be able to have water for tea boiling in twenty minutes; when I tried it wouldn't boil at all. I learned, however.

Owing to the loss of a boat, caribou skins we had ordered from the Hudson's Bay Company could not be delivered. We needed not only skins, but food, and took enough caribou to provide us with warm clothing, keeping every scrap of meat for the dogs.

Once more I had to go to school.

"Caribou skins have to be dried first," Thomas told me, "then scraped until they are soft. They are then dampened, rolled up tightly, and scraped again. By this time they are ready to be cut into garments."

Our woman was lazy. She did help put out the skins to dry on the rocks, but was often negligent about spreading out the edges and weighting them down with stones. She was quite indifferent about preparing any skin even for herself. I therefore set to work. I first used a scraper made of brass, and after spending a whole back-breaking afternoon accomplishing nothing much more than the acquisition of some large blisters, Sandy told me that brass was too soft. He made us scrapers from a trowel, and thereafter, with Thomas' help, the work went on more satisfactorily.

Ipieshout had spent almost two months making a pair of boots for Thomas. They were beautifully finished, but I felt if she had taken that long to make boots, when would we get our warm winter clothing? Besides, after I had prepared the skins, and done the hard work, I confess it would have irked me to pass them to her for the cutting and sewing. I decided I would have to learn to sew.

Mitts looked easy. But I made seven pairs before one would fit. There were no patterns, for, after it has been worn for some time, caribou skin clothing becomes so stretched out of its original shape that it is almost useless as a copy. I had never cut out garments "Outside." Something, however, had to be done, and I set to work—and with care, for a skin once spoiled cannot be replaced by a telephone call to the shop where it was bought for another to match it. I am not particularly proud of the clothing I made the first winter, but it kept us warm, and next year, when we visited several Hudson's Bay Company's posts, we weren't ashamed of ourselves. In the second winter, new clothing, combined with repaired leftovers from the preceding year, enabled us to dress in complete double suits—one with the hair in and one with it out—and sleep in a double sleeping bag. There is nothing to compare with caribou skin as winter clothing for the Arctic: it is light in weight, soft in texture, windproof as no woven material can be, no matter how excellent in quality, and easily dried.

Caribou skin clothing was simple to prepare in comparison with clothing made of sealskin. When I tried to shave off the fat from the sealskin with the *ooloo*, I almost invariably cut the skin, and much the same thing happened when I tried shaving off the hair, though Thomas did it very well. We therefore had our sealskin boots made, and I did my best to keep them in repair. As long as the repair work didn't include chewing, I managed pretty well, but chew I could not, the taste of the skins making me quite ill. I even learned to make a waterproof seam, although, from lack of years of practice, my seams were not always waterproof—sometimes the needle would go through where it was not intended. It took eight to ten pairs of sealskin boots to last us a summer.

As we lived at least two hundred and fifty miles away from the nearest native village for the entire two and a half years I spent in the North, I had little contact with the Eskimos; but I cannot imagine finer courtesy or kindness from any people in any land than was shown to Thomas and me by a Baffin Island Eskimo, Pootooguk, and his family. Eskimos in the Eastern Arctic do not steal. We had a big cache put down one hundred and eighty miles distant from our base, and not a nail from a box disappeared, although natives trapped in the neighbourhood, and although much that was in the cache would have been of great value to them. I have never heard of them even "borrowing" from a cache.

In May and June the seals enlarge their winter breathing holes and come up on the ice to bask in the sun, and that was the time we hunted for our winter's supply of oil for fuel and supplemented our stores of dog feed. Day after day we went out on the ice hunting seals. After the blubber was removed it was cut in strips, sealed in empty petrol or paraffin oil kegs, and left for the sun to render out the oil in readiness for our winter fire. Because of lack of time, we were unable to hunt for winter dog feed, although this is undoubtedly the best time of the year to do so, for one of our chief interests in the Arctic was the observation of birds and the collection of bird skins.

The short summer found us absorbed in the birds and flowers, but was complicated by a mosquito blitzkrieg. The farther north one goes, I've heard said, the bigger and fiercer the mosquitoes become. When their buzzing becomes a high whine, and when they settle on one's clothing so thickly that there is no room for another unless he sits on the first comers, one is almost tempted to wish for winter.

Winter is the season for travelling. After the sea ice has formed, and enough snow has fallen to cover the rocks, then this country, where the only roads are beaten caribou tracks and where travel inland in summer is possible only on foot, can be traversed by komatik and dog team.

The dogs are the unsung heroes of the Arctic. For the most part they sleep outside in wind and snow and drift, and always when travelling, even if the thermometer registers -50°F. or lower. They will rarely desert their master, even when they are ill fed and unkindly treated. On them depends the Eskimo's livelihood.

It was during the winter that most of our mapping and surveying was done, and when we made our longest trips, one of which in the winter of 1939-40 included visits to the Hudson's Bay posts at Cape Dorset and Pangnirtung, took us a thousand miles, and lasted three months. It was on this trip, in January 1940, that we had our first news of the war.

Two more questions and their answers, and then I have done: Would I go to the North again? Of course, if we can find ways and means to carry on our work. Would I advise anyone else to go? Certainly not. Whoever really wants to go and has the opportunity will not need or ask advice. But I can say this in all sincerity: if I had it to do over again, I would not hesitate, even if I knew the difficulties and discomforts that lay ahead.

The Mannings on their return to Winnipeg after their northern adventures. *Winnipeg Tribune.*

Looking up the western arm of Frances Lake, by which Campbell reached the Pelly River. Frances Lake post was established by Campbell just a hundred years ago. In the foreground is one of the present post buildings.—J. Gregg.

CAMPBELL of the YUKON

Part II—The Discovery of the Pelly River

by C. Parnell

The first part of Robert Campbell's service with the Hudson's Bay Company was described in the June Beaver. *This instalment deals with the period from 1840 to 1850. Quotations are from Campbell's unpublished autobiography.*

CAMPBELL was in charge of Fort Halkett, at the forks of the Liard and Smith Rivers, in September 1839, when he received orders from Governor Simpson to explore the country which we now call the Yukon.

The following May he set out on his new mission with four *engages*, including Hoole the interpreter and three Indians, among them the faithful Lapie and Kitza. Forging up the impetuous Liard, past the mouth of Dease River, they paddled on until they came to its source in a beautiful lake shaped like a spur. This, in honour of the governor's wife, they named Frances Lake.

They took the western arm and paddled to its extremity, where they left three men and proceeded on foot up a river valley which led them northwest. For three whole days they "had neither the luck to kill nor the pleasure to eat." From the lake at the valley's end, which was close to the height of land, they crossed the watershed, and at last they had the satisfaction of seeing from a high bank a large river in the distance flowing northwest. "I named the bank from which we caught the first glimpse of the river 'Pelly Banks'," writes Campbell, "and the river 'Pelly' river, after our home Governor, Sir H. Pelly. Descending to the river, we drank out of its pellucid water to her Majesty and the H.B. Co.

"We constructed a raft and drifted down the stream a few miles, and threw in a sealed tin can with memoranda of our discovery, the date, etc., with a request to the finder to make the fact known. After taking possession in the name of the Company by marking a tree 'H.B. Co.' with the date, and flying the H.B.C. ensign the while overhead, we retraced our steps to Frances Lake, highly delighted with our success."

At Frances Lake, they found that the three men they had left behind had built a shanty where the two arms of the lake divided, at the foot of a great promontory named "Simpson's Tower." They did not winter there, however, but returned to Fort Halkett, having seen not a single Indian during the entire journey.

At Fort Halkett they passed the winter on the verge of starvation, and in the spring of '41, Campbell went down to Fort Simpson. There he found, to his joy, that John Lee Lewes had succeeded the parsimonious McPherson in the charge of the district.

In the fall he received a letter from Governor Simpson—now Sir George—written from Fort Garry on his journey round the world. The letter was full of appreciation and encouragement, and suggested that the newly discovered river would be found to fall into the Pacific. Actually, of course, it was the upper part of the mighty Yukon, falling into Bering Strait. Sir George requested that "every information respecting it be acquired as early as possible."

Progress, however, was slow. The winter of '41-'42 was passed at Fort Halkett, and the following summer Campbell went down to the depot at Fort Simpson to get supplies for establishing a post at Frances Lake. This was to be his jumping-off place for the Pelly. Chief Factor Lewes outfitted him with ample supplies and two boats, and on August 16 Campbell and his party reached Frances Lake.

There, at the foot of Simpson's Tower, a trading post was built—the first in the Yukon—and there the party wintered. During the winter, Campbell sent

some men across the watershed to build a shanty at Pelly Banks, and to make a canoe of birch bark brought from Fort Liard. In this canoe, when June came, he embarked with six men to explore the river he had discovered.

On the sixth day of their descent, they reached the mouth of a large river coming from the south, which Campbell named the Lewes. Not many miles farther on they surprised a large band of Wood Indians, who had never seen white men before. The leading chief—who went by the delightful name of Thin-ikik-thling—was very friendly, and warned Campbell against going any farther downstream. He explained that the tribes below were fierce and cannibalistic, and that it would be madness to go among them with such a small force. This frightened the men so much that Campbell reluctantly turned back; and he discovered afterwards that he took the wisest course.

On the third day of the return journey, he began to notice signal fires burning on the hilltops, which he interpreted as a sign calling on the river tribes to intercept them. Sure enough, the next day they met a party of Indians on the bank, who beckoned them to approach.

"They were very hostile," says Campbell, "standing with bows bent and arrows on the string, and would not come down from the high bank to meet us. I sent some tobacco to them to assure them of our peaceful intentions but they would scarcely remove their hands from their bows to receive it. We then ascended the bank to them, and our bold and at the same time conciliatory demeanour had the effect of cooling them down. We had an amicable interview with them, carried on with words and signs. It required some finessing, however, to get away from them; but once in the canoes we quickly pushed out of range of their arrows and struck obliquely downstream for the opposite bank, while I faced about, gun in hand, to watch their actions."

That evening the men were so weary with paddling that Campbell made them sleep in his tent, while he himself spent the night seated in the forks of a large tree, reading Hervey's *Meditations* and keeping a sharp lookout for enemies. Occasionally he would go down to the river bank to look around or to get a drink; but not a sign of life was seen nor a sound heard. In after years, he learned to his amazement that the band of Indians they had met in the daytime had followed them until they camped, and had then posted themselves near by and watched Campbell's every movement. They confessed that if he had stooped down to take a drink at the river's edge, instead of scooping up the water in a horn cup, they would have rushed upon him and murdered him on the spot, then done away with his sleeping followers.

Frances Lake was at length reached in safety, and in October the boats arrived from Fort Simpson, bringing W. L. Hardisty, a clerk, to winter with them. In the mail he brought was a letter from Sir George, who gave it as his opinion that the Pelly was the Taku, falling into Lynn Canal. A glance at the map will show that the guess was a wild one, as the two rivers are nowhere less than 170 miles apart.

The next letter from the Governor, received the following year (1844) at the depot, was written after Sir George had received Campbell's chart of his explorations. He now hazarded the guess that the Pelly was either the Turnagain, falling into Cook's Inlet, or the "Quickpot," falling into Norton Sound. The latter guess was right, as the lower part of the Yukon was called the Kwichpak. At the same time, Sir George suggested that the first post on the Pelly be established at the forks of the Lewes. He did not want Campbell to follow the river down to the sea, as it would bring the Company into competition with the Russians, "with whom we are desirous of maintaining a good understanding."

Before leaving Fort Simpson for Frances Lake, Campbell received the gloomy news that Chief Factor Lewes was to be replaced by McPherson, whose tight-fisted methods had been largely responsible for his misery at Dease Lake.

The winter mail still reaches Fort Selkirk by dog team. The sled used is known as a Yukon sleigh—a toboggan on runners. J. P. Kirk.

No further progress towards discovery was made until the spring of 1846, when Campbell built a trading post at Pelly Banks. He spent the next two winters there, and in the spring of '48 started out with J. G. Stewart and eight men, accompanied by some hunters, to build the post Simpson had suggested at the junction of the Pelly and the Lewes. They had only a miserably small outfit, as McPherson had refused to grant them a reasonable one, but they made the best of it. At the beginning of June they reached the forks and began to build the post, naming it Fort Selkirk.

In August, some Chilkat Indians from the Lynn Canal arrived, who had done some trading with Captain Dodd of the *Beaver*. They were an unscrupulous lot, adept at pilfering, and Campbell was not sorry to see them go. Later they were to show him how villainous they could be when the odds were in their favour.

In September he sent Stewart and some men to Pelly Banks, where they were to pick up the outfit from Fort Simpson. But a certain incompetent whom Campbell kindly identifies only as "Mr. P.," who had succeeded him in charge of Pelly Banks and Frances Lake, had let everything go to the dogs. The boats sent up by McPherson were a month late in arriving, and when they did reach Frances Lake all their supplies were already gone. Stewart and his men could therefore do nothing but return empty handed —except for the light mail—after freeze-up.

Most of the year 1849 was wasted in trying to get trade goods and supplies from Fort Simpson. They got no help whatever from "Mr. P.," who seems to have been completely spineless, and Stewart, who waited in vain for the boats at Frances Lake until near freeze-up, did not arrive at Fort Selkirk until December, a walking skeleton. "Mr. P." and his people at Pelly Banks he had "found and left in misery, with no proper fishery and nothing laid by for the winter." Stewart had urged them to come to Fort Selkirk, where they could at least live in comparative plenty, but P. couldn't be bothered. "Hoping that he and his people might still make up their minds to come to us," wrote Campbell, "I had caches of fish left along the route for them, of which had they availed themselves, a terrible disaster might have been averted."

The following spring, as they had had no communication with the depot for a year and a half, Campbell sent off his "gallant and ever-ready friend Mr. Stewart" to go all the way to Fort Simpson, so as not to have to rely on the incompetent Mr. P. as go-between. In August an Indian arrived at Fort Selkirk, bringing the welcome news that Stewart was at Frances Lake with a boatload of supplies.

Campbell at once gathered his men and set off for Pelly Banks to bring them back. After being nearly drowned in Finlayson Lake, he arrived at Frances Lake post to meet Stewart and hear of his adventures. On arriving at Pelly Banks, Stewart and Reid, his companion, had been horrified to find that two of the white men, as well as several of the Indians, had died of starvation; the fort had been burnt down except for one small house; and some of the starving Indians had descended to cannibalism. P. and Lapie they had found emaciated to skin and bone, and camped close by the fort. These two joined the others in their journey to the depot. On arriving there, they were all delighted to find that Dr. John Rae had succeeded McPherson in charge.

The famous Arctic explorer had arrived just before freeze-up, to discover that the party taking supplies to Frances Lake, Pelly Banks, and Fort Selkirk, had turned back on some paltry excuse, leaving the poor unfortunates at those posts to get along as best they could. All Dr. Rae could do to remedy the situation was to furnish Stewart with the boatload of supplies.

Once more in touch with the outside world after two years' isolation, Campbell now returned with a small outfit to Fort Selkirk, and there spent the winter. In April 1851 he received by express a despatch from Sir George Simpson, instructing him to explore the Pelly as far down as he deemed advisable.

This was the chance he had been looking for, and in May, leaving Stewart in charge of Fort Selkirk, he once more set out for the unknown.

The next and final instalment will deal with Campbell's adventures until his retirement in 1871, including his fight with the Indians at Fort Selkirk.

Where the Pelly and the Lewes unite to form the Yukon, (foreground) at Fort Selkirk. In this picture, taken shortly before break-up, the present post buildings are faintly seen just above the elbow on the right. J. P. Kirk.

DISASTER in the DALLES

by J. A. Stevenson

THE gardens at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, estate of the Dukes of Devonshire, are famous for their exotic plants brought from all parts of the world. The collection was started over a hundred years ago by the sixth duke and his head gardener, Joseph (later Sir Joseph) Paxton.

Paxton, who was the son of a humble farmer in Bedfordshire, was in his early twenties when, in 1826, the Duke asked him to take charge. He found the gardens, which had been elaborately laid out in the seventeenth century by expert French gardeners, in a very derelict condition, but gradually he restored their former glories, and surrounded the great mansion with the most beautiful demesne in England.

Paxton was not merely a scientific gardener of great technical skill. By assiduous study he made himself a first class botanist, and he soon infected the Duke with his passion for new trees, shrubs, and flowers. As the latter had a huge annual income, they were able to employ plant collectors all over the world, who sent to Chatsworth a steady stream of new plants and flowers. In 1835 they sent out, first to Brazil and then to South Africa and India, an expedition which returned with a magnificent collection of beautiful and hitherto unknown plants, mostly of the tropical variety.

The success of this expedition led them to turn their eyes across the Atlantic. David Douglas, the celebrated explorer and botanist who gave his name to the Douglas fir, had excited the interest of British horticulturists and foresters by his reports of the vast numbers of new conifers, pines and other trees growing on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. So Paxton became fired with a desire to send another expedition to the northwestern coast of North America with the object of collecting new varieties of hardy trees, which he felt confident would flourish in the mild climate of Chatsworth.

In November 1837, Paxton sent out a preliminary circular to a list of people whom he felt would be interested in the project. In it he explained how David Douglas had only succeeded in bringing home a small quantity of seeds and that many fine and valuable trees, abounding in North America, remained practically unobtainable in Britain. He expressed the belief that an expedition, co-operatively financed, would have the very valuable result of introducing to Britain from North America hardy forest trees which would in time come to be a great national asset. And he suggested that, if the necessary funds could be raised, two well-qualified young men should leave Britain in February for Quebec, cross the continent via the Great Lakes and reach the northwest coast of North America. There they should first explore the district where Douglas had found so many fine specimens, and then enlarge their investigations to adjacent territory.

Paxton had selected for the expedition two young well-trained gardeners at Chatsworth, named Robert Wallace and Peter Banks, of whom one spoke French fluently and the other was a good Latin scholar; and he proposed that, through the good offices of the Hudson's Bay Company, arrangements should be made for them to travel overland across Canada to the Rockies, with the headquarters on the Columbia River as their goal. Fortunately the Hudson's Bay Company had decided to send a special overland party to the northwest coast in the spring of 1838 and said that it would allow the two collectors to accompany it. Paxton at once proceeded to push forward preparations for the expedition, giving exhaustive personal care to all problems of outfit and equipment. To the young collectors, who were only promised during their travels the same wage of twenty-four shillings per week as they had been receiving as gardeners at Chatsworth, he gave very detailed instructions, and spared no effort to make provision for their comfort and well being, arranging for fresh supplies to be shipped to them by a vessel leaving England for Fort Vancouver in the following October. It was to carry twelve air-tight cases containing fruit trees for the Hudson's Bay Company, and Paxton confidently anticipated that in these cases a rich and varied cargo of plants and seeds would be returned in due course. In one of his letters he mentioned casually that towards the end of 1839 there might be a canal open through Guatemala between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and that the young men might return by this route "if there are no practical difficulties in the way."

The two young men, after being given solemn warnings before they left Chatsworth to beware of bears and women—supposedly the two chief perils awaiting a plant collector—sailed for North America on March 20th, 1838, and landed in New York a month later. Only two letters in all were ever received from them by Joseph Paxton. The first, written by Wallace from Lachine, merely described the journey to that place from New York, and the second, also penned by Wallace, and dated July 1838 at Norway House, gave an account of their journey from Lachine.

They left Lachine on May 2 (the Company's 168th birthday) with the express canoes, accompanied by Father Blanchet (later Archbishop of Oregon City) and Chief Factor James Hargrave, who was in charge of the brigade. Taking the usual route by the Ottawa and Upper Lakes, they had arrived at Fort William on June 1st, where they had exchanged their Montreal canoes for five North canoes, and made their way to Lake Winnipeg, arriving at Norway House on June 28.

"We have done but little in the way of botany as yet," Wallace wrote to Paxton in July. "Our mode of travelling will not admit of such, as we are on the water from daybreak until sunset except at the portages, or when ashore for breakfast or dinner."

They stayed some time at Norway House, and Wallace would have had more time to study the botany of the region, if his interests had not been otherwise engaged. The warning of his friends about women evidently went unheeded. But let bluff John Rowand, chief factor at Fort Edmonton, tell what happened in his own words. He is writing to James Hargrave, who had continued on to York Factory:

"But stop I have a piece of news to tell you which will surprise you, you must know that Miss Maria

Simpson was married here this last fall to a Mr. Robert Wallace during their stay at Norway House last summer they did not only get acquainted but madly in love who promised their hand & heart to each other before leaving that place & all what I could say to Miss I could not persuade her to wait to get a Fathers consent no she would be Mrs. Wallace *coute que coute*. That business has caused me much uneasiness and yet I do not feel comfortable, God knows I acted for the best still perhaps our friend the Governor will blame me, however he never was more fond of his amiable wife himself, than those two seemed to be between you and me N. H. is not a fit place to have young ladies under the same roof with young Batchelors as they were fixed there last summer. When we meet if you wish to hear more about this it will be time. All I have to tell you is that I was very sorry to see her attach to a man she had seen for a short time only. All the Gentlemen who were here this fall were of one opinion it was better they should be united & so they were now god bless them Both if I am to be found fault with gods will be done."

The identity of Maria Simpson is hard to determine. Archibald McDonald refers to her as Maria Miles, and Chief Factor Robert S. Miles of Moose Factory, writing to Edward Ermatinger the following year, speaks of her as the daughter of "Betsey," who was then Miles's wife. It seems, therefore, that the bride was the daughter, *sub rosa*, of George Simpson and "Betsey"—who later became Mrs. Miles—and that she was consequently referred to by some as Maria Simpson and by others as Maria Miles.

From Fort Edmonton, the party crossed the Rockies to Boat Encampment at the big bend of the Columbia. Only two boats were available for the journey downstream, so Father Blanchet and his confrère, Father Demers (whom they had picked up en route), went ahead with John Tod, officer in command of the brigade, and most of the voyageurs and freight. From the House of the Lakes, where the Columbia enters the Upper Arrow Lake, one boat went on to Fort Colvile with Tod, and the second went back to get the botanists and the others at Boat Encampment.

Five days after leaving the House of the Lakes, the upstream boat reached Boat Encampment. There it took aboard all the remaining freight and passengers —including three women and six children—and started off downstream again, far too heavily loaded.

At the first big rapids, the famous Dalles of the Dead, the Columbia narrows to about twenty yards, rushing impetuously round a sharp bend walled in by high perpendicular rocks. Here the passengers and part of the freight were put ashore; but in spite of this, the boat was carried away among the great waves along the left bank, and swamped. The voyageurs, however, managed to bring it to shore, where it was emptied.

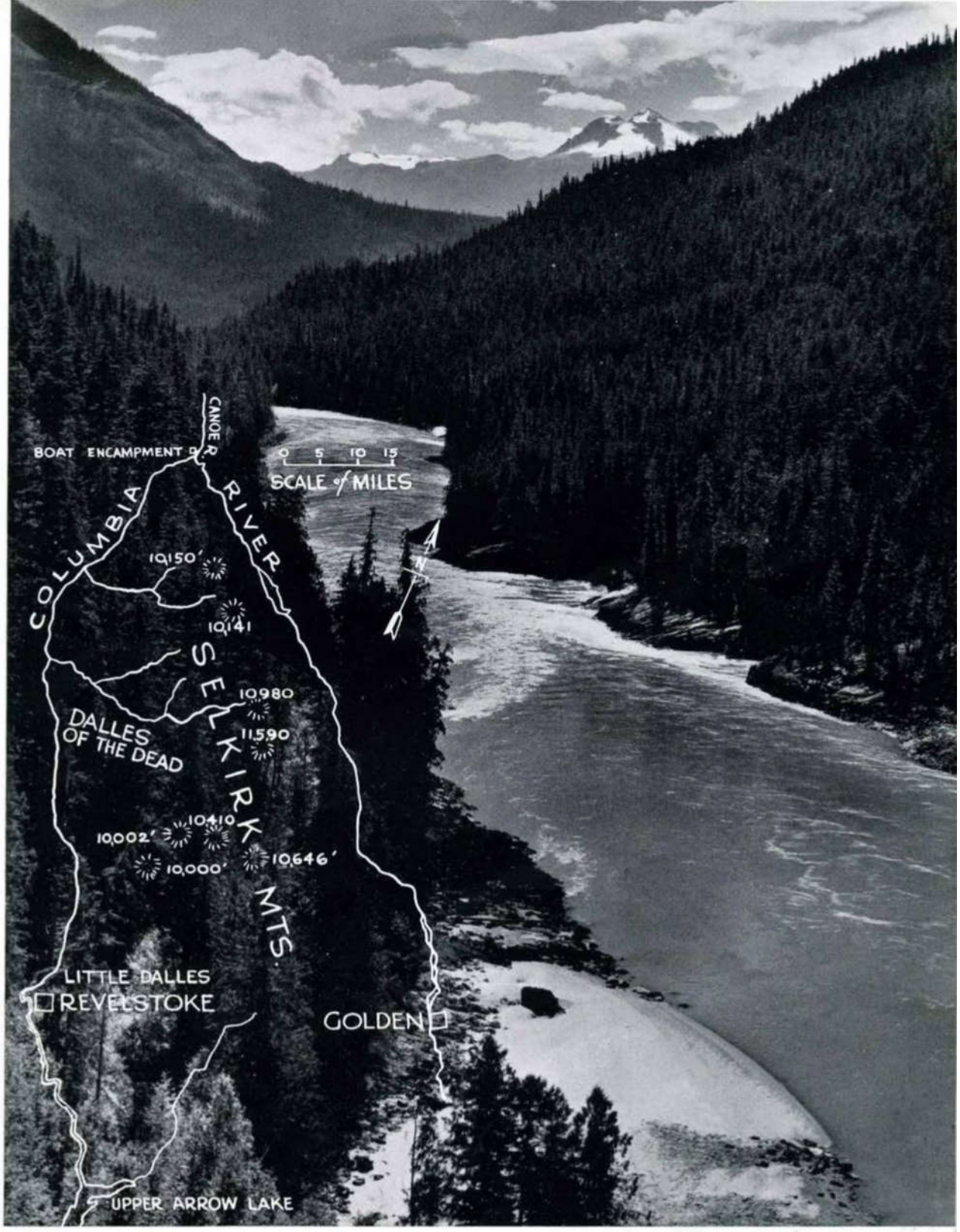
Once more it was loaded with the freight, and the passengers embarked "with the greatest repugnance." After a while they came to the Little Dalles, where the river narrows again, just above the present city of Revelstoke. As it is not nearly so dangerous as the Upper Dalles, the voyageurs ran the boat through fully loaded. But the gunwales were too near the water, and again the waves came flooding in.

The passengers were terrified that the boat would sink. The men stood up and started to make their way forward so as to jump ashore, but the guide roared at them to sit down. The women and children screamed with fright as the water swirled around them. Presently, however, the boat shot out into the calmer water below the rapids, and made for the bank.

But Wallace had had enough. He rose to his feet and picked up his wife in his arms, intending to leap with her into the river and swim for shore. As he stepped on the gunwale, the whole boat turned over, and all on board were thrown into the boiling eddies.

Of the twenty-six, twelve were drowned, including Wallace and his wife, Peter Banks, and five children. Archibald McDonald, writing to Edward Ermatinger from Fort Colvile, refers to the tragedy as "one of the most appalling calamities we have experienced in the Columbia, fertile in disasters as it has ever been."

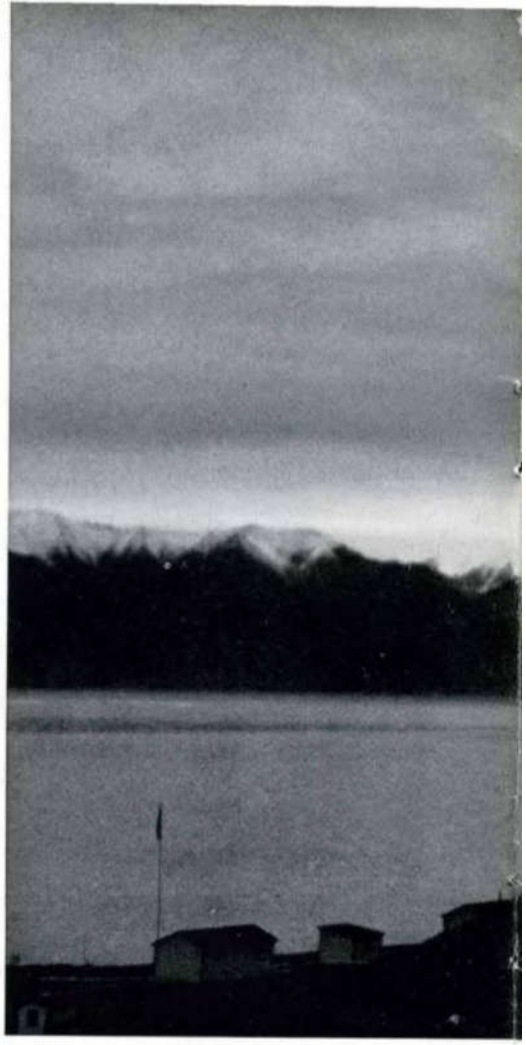
Indians loading H B C canoes at the end of a portage. From a water colour by William Armstrong in the W. H. Coverdale Collection at the Manoir Richelieu.



Fast water on the Columbia above Revelstoke. The triple peaks of Mount Begbie rise in the distance.
C.P.R. Photo.

Not until May of the following year did the news reach Chatsworth. Paxton was of course terribly distressed, and it weighed heavily on his conscience that he had insisted on the overland route being taken. His warm heart was for years burdened with a feeling of remorse that he had been at least partly responsible for sending two promising young men, who were his special protégés, to an untimely death. So, although he did not abate his activities as a botanist and collector, he would never afterwards assume any responsibility for sending collectors in search of plants to regions were there was an element of danger.

ARCTIC JOURNAL



THESE extracts from A. T. Swaffield's journal of Pond Inlet post last fall throw some light on the part radio plays in the otherwise lonely lives of traders and missionaries in the Arctic. Pond Inlet is in northern Baffin Island, 1220 miles from the North Pole, and is made up of a Hudson's Bay post established in 1921, an R.C.M.P. post, and Anglican and Roman Catholic missions. Its physical contact with "outside" occurs only once a year, when the Nascopie *arrives for a brief visit. No wonder that, when she is late, a note of growing anxiety creeps into the journal entries.*

Wednesday, August 27th, 1941. Since the middle of August radio reception has improved 100 percent. We now have no trouble getting VCB and long wave is beginning to come through too. Reception should be good from now on, as the nights are beginning to get quite dark, and the sun is now setting around 8 p.m. During May, June and July, the sun was visible here twenty-four hours per day.

Sunday, 31st. We contacted Fort Ross tonight, and we were surprised to learn that the police boat, *St. Roch*, which we have been expecting here during the past week, is still in the vicinity of King William Island. We have no idea what is keeping her, but we figure it must be ice.

We are still in the dark regarding the movements of our own ship *Nascopie*. She must be nearing here now, so we wouldn't be at all surprised to see her along any time.

Thursday, September 4th, 1941. Last night, there was quite a snow storm over in the Bylot Island vicinity, and this morning, all the hills over there are white. Here at the post, we are still free of snow as yet, but it won't be long now before the whole countryside will be wearing its winter drab again. If the good ship *Nascopie* doesn't soon come along, we will possibly have snow here by the time she arrives.

The geese are now starting to go south. Several large flocks of them were seen today flying over the post.

Friday, 5th. It is just over a month now since we have had sufficient wind to charge our radio batteries. Our batteries are now at their lowest ebb, and if we don't soon get some wind to pep them up a bit, I am afraid we will have to go off the air for awhile. These days I am using the N.C. 44 receiver quite a lot, trying to get some data on the ship, so every time we are listening in our batteries, of course, are losing a certain amount of their power.

Saturday, 6th. At last, we think we've got some data on the *Nascopie's* whereabouts. This morning at 6.45 we heard a radiogram going through to Fort Ross from VCB addressed to our district manager, Mr. J. W. Anderson. Apparently the *Nascopie* is due there in a day or so, hence the radiogram. If she arrives there, say tomorrow, she should be here by next Thursday, 11th instant.

Sunday, 7th. Today it is blowing a half a gale from the northwest, so at last we have lots of wind for charging. Our batteries are now at full strength again, thank the Lord.

The weather has also turned cold and this morning the thermometer registered ten degrees of frost. We now have quite a lot of snow down, but we are hoping that it will disappear again before the ship arrives. Last year we had the first snow-fall the day after the ship left here, 17th September.

Monday, 8th. This a.m. the Eguakjuak natives arrived for "shiptime." We have about ten men available this year to land cargo.

This p.m. another killer whale appeared in the vicinity, driving the seals inshore. We killed five seals and the police personnel got ten. The whale stayed around for about three hours.

Tuesday, 9th. We were expecting to see the *Nascopie* here in a day or two, but, according to a message we heard tonight going through to Fort Ross from Mr. J. W. Anderson, we gather that the ship is still down in Hudson Bay some place. [Actually she was heading north up Davis Strait.] We don't know when to expect her here now, but I guess it will be sometime this month. We hope so anyway, if she is going to come at all.

Late tonight a gale of wind sprang up from the northwest, and at the time of writing (midnight) it must be blowing at least a sixty-mile per hour gale. The police servants' motor boat has swamped at her moorings, and it looks doubtful if she is going to survive the gale. If her anchor holds, however, she may come through it okay. We hope so anyway, as this is the only motor boat we have here.

Wednesday, 10th. The police native servants' motor boat that we reported swamped at her moorings last

Crucifix at Pond Inlet Lorene Squire

night came on shore early this morning, around three o'clock. She is badly holed fore and aft, and, as far as we can ascertain, she is a total wreck.

Now that the weather is beginning to get cold, most all the little birds, geese, etc., are on their way south.

Saturday, 13th. Last night we heard Fort Ross (CY7L) talking to the police boat, *St. Roch.* Apparently this boat is having some trouble making the North West Passage. We don't know exactly where she is, but we figure she must be at the entrance of Bellot Straits. We wonder if she is going to be able to get through this year.

Sunday, 14th. Last night we heard the *Fort Severn* talking to Igloolik. Mr. Brown [Nelson River district manager] said that they were meeting lots of ice in the Repulse Bay vicinity, and it looked doubtful if they were going to be able to reach Igloolik this year. We also heard Bishop Turquetil talking to the R. C. mission personnel at Igloolik. Bishop Turquetil apparently is a passenger on the *Fort Severn.*

Monday, 15th. We think that the *Nascopie* is now at Fort Ross, as we heard a very strong signal coming from that station (CY7L) tonight.

The schooner *Fort Severn* was on the air tonight for a short while. Apparently she is still stuck in the ice in the vicinity of Palmer Bay, close to Repulse Bay. It sure looks doubtful if they are going to reach Igloolik this year.

Tuesday, 16th. Tonight, Bishop Turquetil spoke to Father Cochard [at Pond Inlet] over the *Fort Severn's* radio for about ten minutes. He said that they were still stuck in the ice in the Repulse Bay district, but still had hopes of reaching Igloolik.

Seven o'clock tonight, CZ5H (Arctic Bay) called us up to say that the *Nascopie* was due there tomorrow. It is just twelve months ago today since she was here.

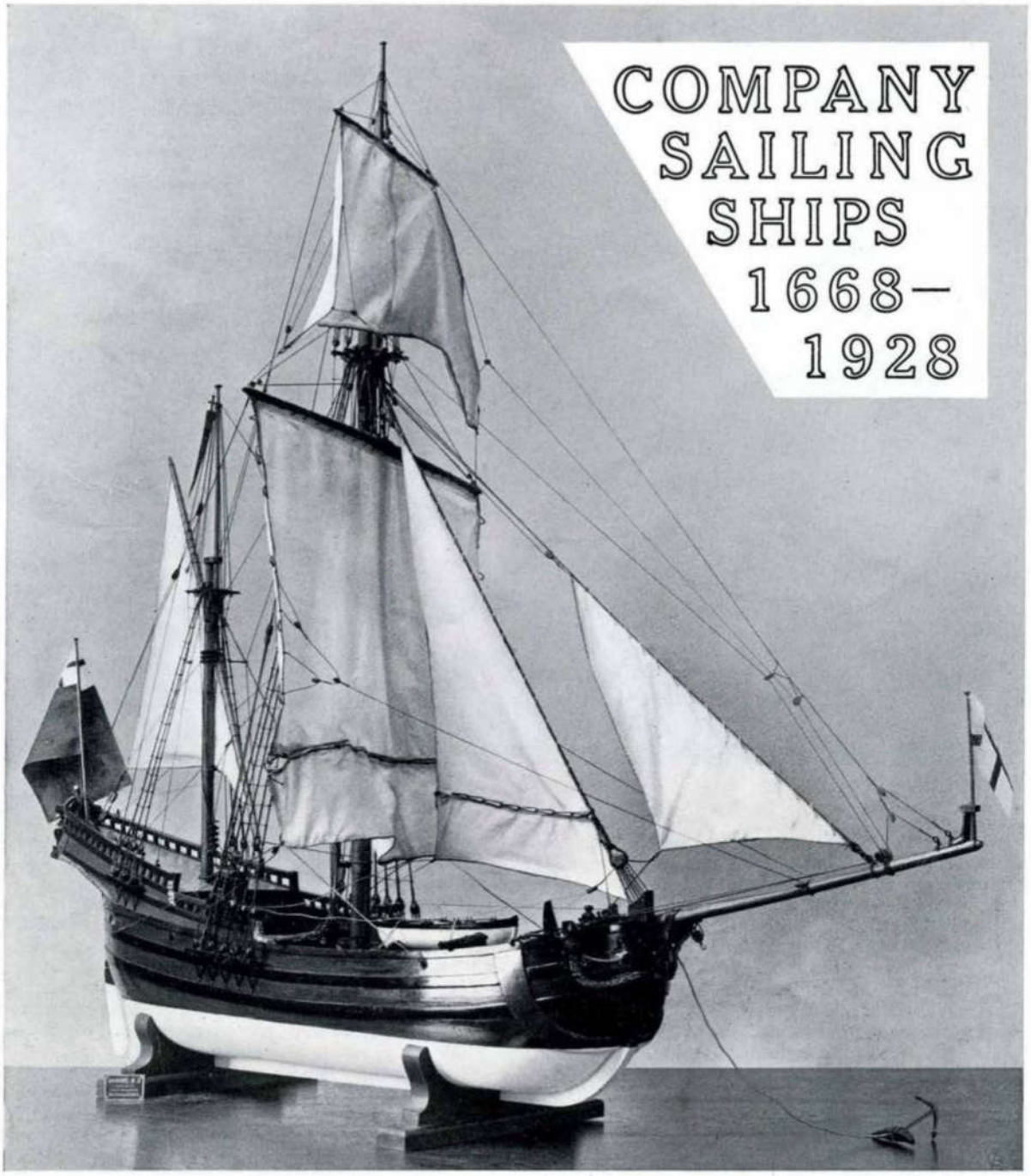
In his broadcast tonight, Bishop Turquetil told Father Cochard that the *Nascopie* was bringing them a new boat and engine this year. The Father was so excited with the good news that he got up from his chair and cheered.

Wednesday, 17th. Since 4 o'clock this afternoon, it has been blowing a half gale of wind from the northwest. Heavy seas are now starting to heave in and, by the look of the clouds tonight, we wouldn't be at all surprised if it is blowing a gale here tomorrow. It was a good thing that the ship was not here today, as it would be impossible to land cargo owing to the swell.

Thursday, 18th. There is a tremendous sea rolling in today, and some of the waves must be at least ten feet high. We hope it will be calm for the ship.

Early tomorrow morning, weather permitting, we are expecting the *Nascopie* along, and as we won't have time while the ship is in port to make any entries in this diary, we will conclude the diary for this outfit to date tonight, and parcel same up in readiness for forwarding to the District Office.

Next morning a blinding snowstorm descended on Pond Inlet. But suddenly it cleared, and there in front of the post lay the Nascopie.



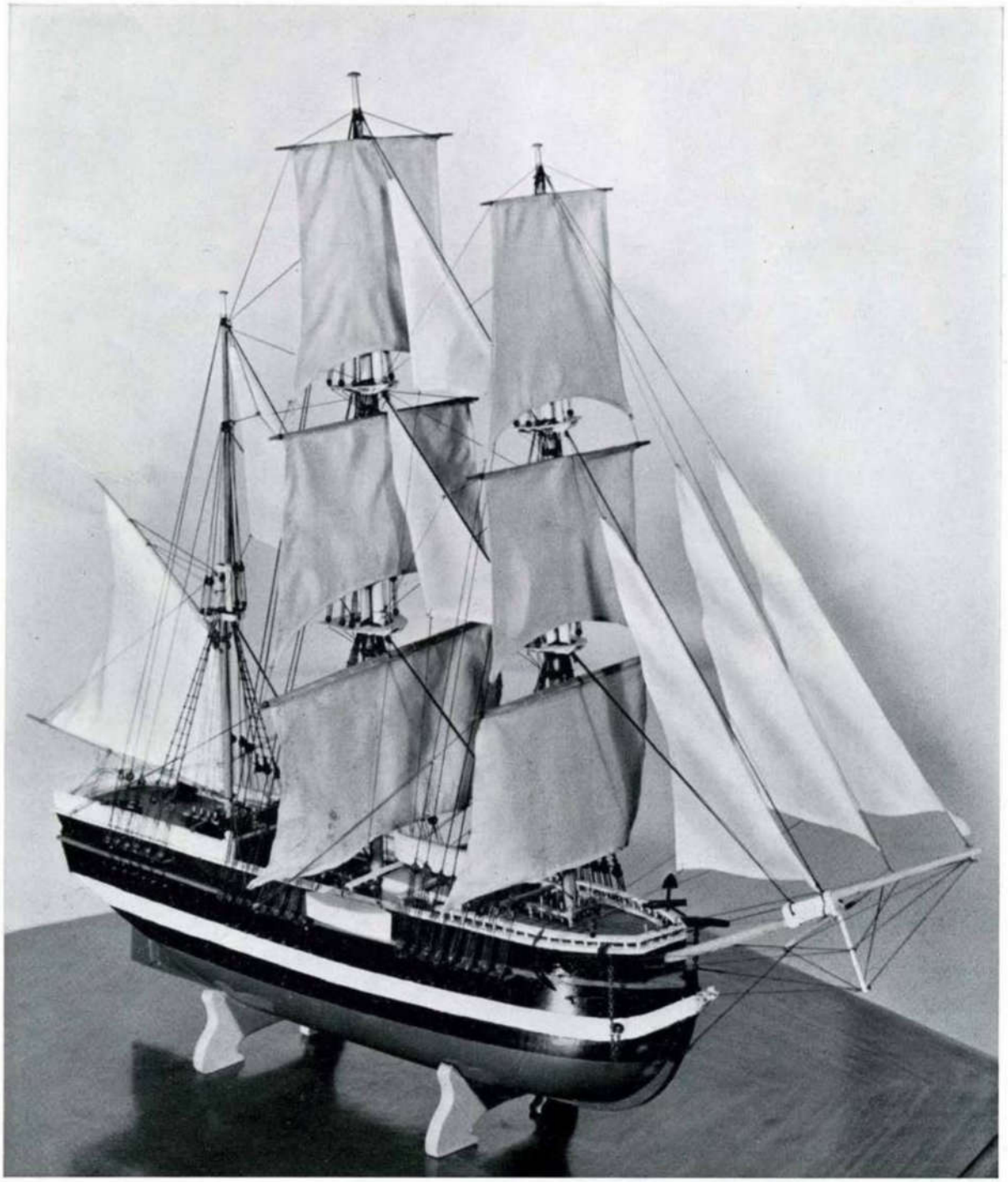
Ketch *NONSUCH*

The Company's first ship, which made the first trading voyage from London to Hudson Bay and back, was a fifty-ton ketch, and was bought on March 30, 1668, for £290. With Zachariah Gillam in command and Chouart des Groseilliers on board, she sailed on June 2 for the New World, carrying a cargo of trade goods valued at £650. They anchored her at the mouth of Rupert's River, James Bay, and spent the winter trading with the Indians. On October 9, 1669, the *Nonsuch* returned to London, laden with a cargo of furs valued at £19,000. The success of this expedition encouraged the King to grant a charter to the Hudson's Bay Company.

This model was made by E. W. Twining. All those shown in this series are in the Company's museum at Winnipeg.

Schooner *CADBOROUGH*

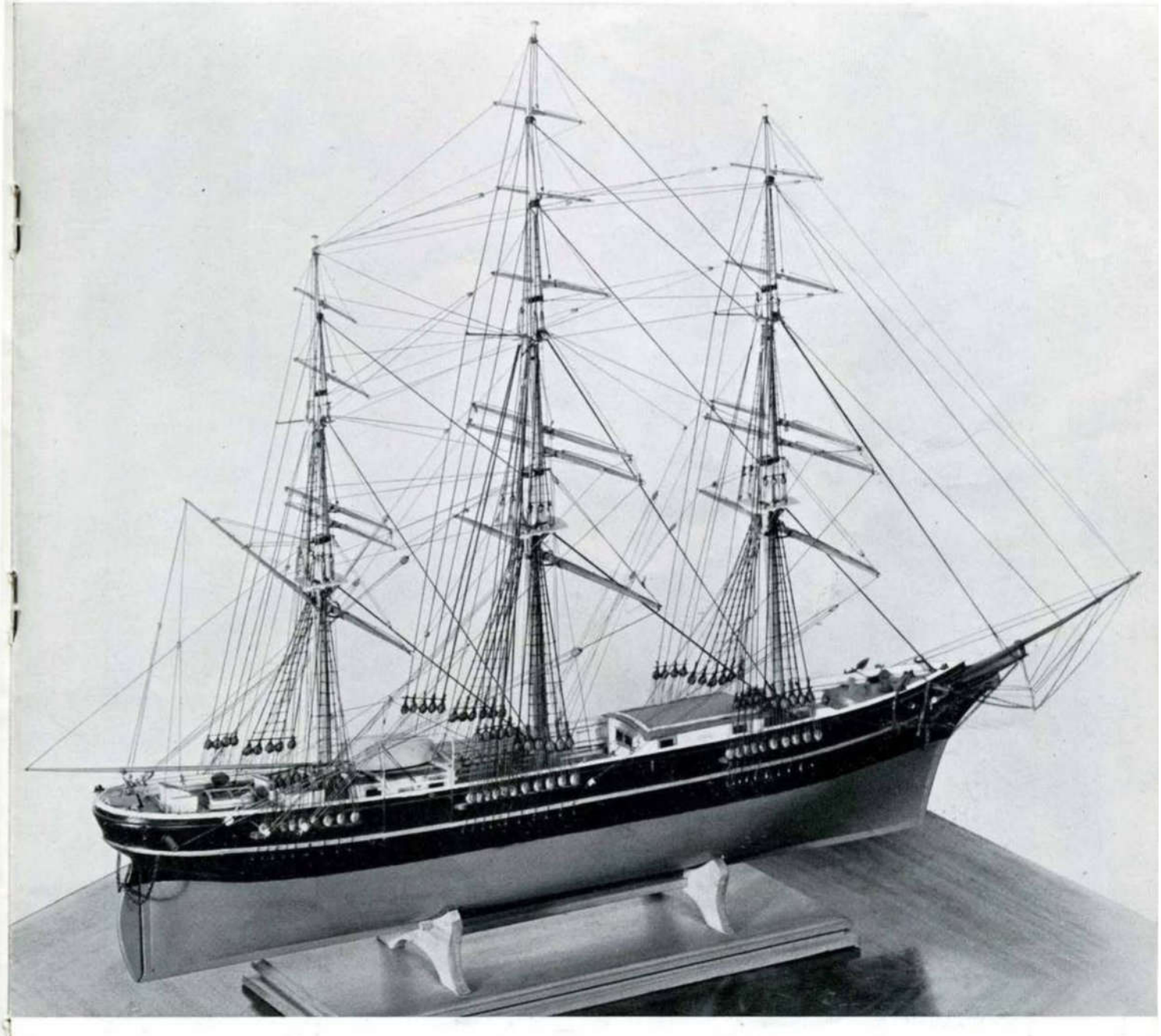
The *Cadboro*, as she was generally called, was built at Rye, Sussex, in 1824, for the Company's coastal trade on the Pacific. She was 56 feet long, 17 feet in the beam, and of 72 tons register, carrying six guns and a crew of thirty-five. In 1826 she sailed for Fort Vancouver, arriving there on May 24, 1827. Before the arrival of the steamer *Beaver* in 1836 she was the crack vessel of the Pacific Coast. W. G. Rae used her in that year to explore the coast of lower California, and in 1840 James Douglas took her with the *Beaver* on his historic voyage to Sitka. In 1846 she was chartered by the U.S. Navy to take the survivors of the schooner *Shark* from Fort Vancouver to California. She carried on trade with the natives until 1861, when she was sold, and the next year was wrecked in a gale near Port Angeles. *Model by A. S. Coburn.*



Barque *COLUMBIA*

Built at Blackwall on the Thames in 1835, at the same time as the S.S. *Beaver*, the 310-ton barque *Columbia* sailed for the Pacific coast in company with the new steamer. She was sent as an escort in case anything should happen to the *Beaver*; but she turned out to be a very slow sailer, and the other ship, though travelling entirely under sail, could easily outstrip her. The two ships rounded the Horn and sailed for the Hawaiian Islands. From Honolulu they turned eastwards again, and arrived at Fort Vancouver in April, 1836, the *Columbia* bringing Mrs. Capendall, first white woman to reside there. Thereafter, while the *Beaver* engaged in the coastal trade, the *Columbia* plied between London, Honolulu and Fort Vancouver. In 1845 she was sent to Fort Victoria and Sitka.

Model by A. S. Coburn.

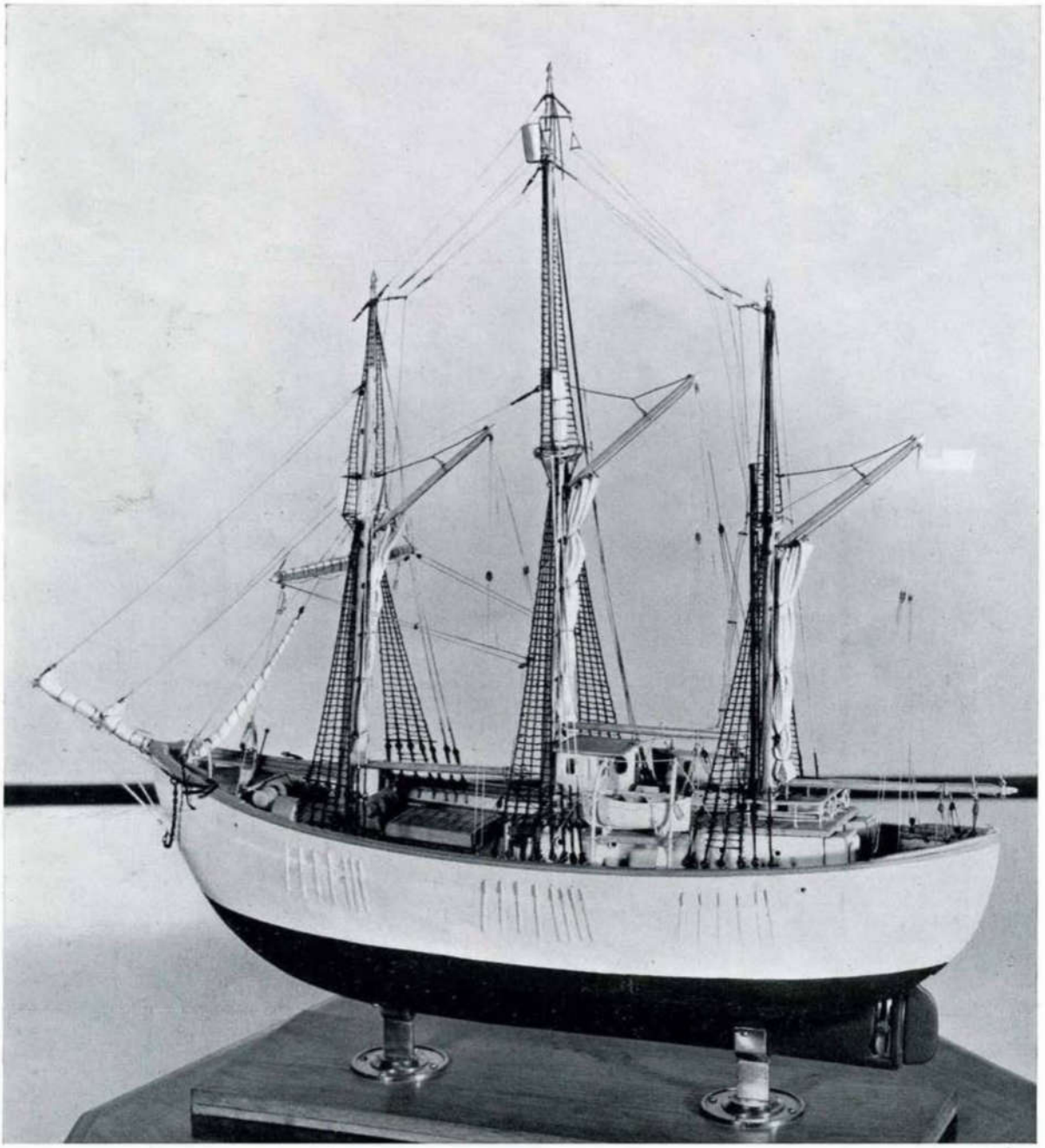


Clipper Ship *TITANIA*

At one time the second fastest ship in the world, the slim, graceful *Titania* served the first twenty years of her life as a famous tea clipper. She was designed by Robert Steele—designer of the *Ariel*, the only ship that could outstrip her—and built in 1866 on the Clyde for Messrs. Shaw, Lowther, and Maxton. She was 200 feet long, 36 feet in the beam, and 21 feet deep, with a builder's tonnage of 1223. The mainmast from deck to truck was 146 feet high.

In her heyday the *Titania* could outsail both the *Thermopylae* and the *Cutty Sark;* but by the time the Hudson's Bay Company bought her in 1886, she had been twice cut down, and was barque-rigged. One of her first voyages for the Company was described by Capt. Beavis—who was then her second mate—in the June 1938 *Beaver*. That was in 1888, when she sailed from Port Moody, B.C., for London. On her return voyage next year she docked at the new city of Vancouver, and discharged there the first through cargo from London, having made the voyage in the record time of 105 days.

The *Titania* continued to ply round the Horn until 1892. The next year she was sold by the Company to the Italians, and in 1909 she was laid up in Marseilles. *Model by A. S. Coburn.*



Auxiliary Schooner *BAYMAUD*

This stout little ship was built for the famous explorer Roald Amundsen in 1917 at Christiania (Oslo), and named *Maud*. She was constructed specially for work in the Arctic, with a hull so shaped that, when squeezed in the ice, she would simply ride up on top of it instead of being crushed. She was 107 feet long, with a beam of 41 feet. Her sides were of solid oak timber twenty inches thick sheathed in three inches of ironwood, and her rudder and propeller could be hauled on deck in case of damage.

In 1918, Amundsen took her to the North Siberian Islands, from where he hoped to drift across the Pole. But the attempt failed, and the *Maud* finally arrived at Nome in 1920, having been the second vessel in history to negotiate the Northeast Passage. In 1922 Amundsen again took his ship into that region, and drifted in the ice for three years.

The *Maud* was then put up for sale in Seattle, and in 1926 she was bought by the Hudson's Bay Company and renamed *Baymaud*. That year she took supplies from Vancouver to the Western Arctic posts, and two years later was anchored as a floating warehouse and wireless station in Cambridge Bay.

This model was made by the ship's carpenter.

A Merman IN LAKE SUPERIOR

This article, reprinted from the Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository *of May 1824, describes a curious creature that an eighteenth century voyageur saw rising from the waters of Lake Superior. Venant St. Germain, the narrator, was an employee of the North-West Company who had been a partner of the murdered Jean Etienne Wadin. Two years after the incident related, he was second in command under Umfreville in the exploring trip from Lake Nipigon to Lake Winnipeg. Hon. Isaac Ogden, a native of Newark, N.J., was the father of the famous fur trader, Peter Skene Ogden.*

THE *existence* of the mermaid (for we know nothing of the nature of this animal) has been a question upon which naturalists are still undecided; while some have implicitly relied upon the testimony of its having been seen, others have considered all the accounts of its appearance as proceeding from a disturbed imagination, and a deception of vision, in those who have witnessed it.

Every fact which can be collected to prove that such an animal as the mermaid does exist is valuable in this enquiring age; and a relation of such testimony as can be had upon this point may be favourably received without subjecting the writer to the imputation of being too credulous. "We should not give too ready credit to these assertions, because they may be false; nor too hastily reject them, because they may be true," was a maxim set down by the celebrated Dr. Johnson, and well would it be for science if it were more closely adhered to.

After all, we can see no valid reason to discredit the existence of such an animal. In the beautiful variety which nature displays in the great chain of her works, from the rational and intelligent being down to the inanimate clod, we find she has indulged her ever varying fancy in all manner of forms and figures. Should it, therefore, be denied that an animal possessing the shape which has been attributed to the mermaid does exist in this beautiful chain? Its being seldom seen, and but little known, is no argument against it; for although the ardent spirit for investigation has, in latter ages, made many discoveries, these have only served to the more firm establishment of the fact that "myriads of beings possess this world unseen to mortal eye."

In the course of his search after the hidden things of this world, the farther man proceeds, the more widely extended a field for his investigation opens to his view; and but a short progress on the course will compel him to confess that "there are more things in this world than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

There is, in the various relations of the appearance of this animal, one point which would, in other cases, be held as an unequivocal proof of its existence. This is the similarity of the descriptions. All who have seen what they have termed a mermaid have uniformly described it as possessing a shape closely resembling the human form: now, as uniformity in evidence is considered as one of the strongest tests of its accuracy, why should not the same reasoning be applied here? Had one man come forward and described the monster which he had seen, and taken for a mermaid, as having a different aspect from that which had been seen by another, it might be concluded that one, or perhaps both, had been deceived—both creatures of their own imagination—both *deceptio visus*, and both entitled to disbelief. But when we find the different relators coinciding in their descriptions, and uniform in their accounts of what they took for a mermaid, we cannot suppose all were under a hallucination of the same description.

Another test of evidence, namely, the character of the witness, has always had a considerable weight on the minds of the hearers; and the habits of life of any evidence may be influential on his ability as an accurate relator of what he has seen. It has been remarked that seafaring men are more credulous, and more apt

to receive or give as true whatever bears a relation to the marvellous, than others. The reasons for this, or even the truth of this opinion, does not form the subject of enquiry. But it will be acknowledged that these, from their frequenting the same element as the mermaid, would be the principal evidences of the existence of such an animal; and the above idea operating upon the minds of those to whom they gave an account of its appearance may have given rise to the doubts of its existence.

Fortunately, the testimony of the existence of this marine monster does not rest solely upon the accounts of these men. Others have seen mermaids, and some of them men whom we cannot suspect of a voluntary intention to mislead. Among these, the account of a mermaid which was given by a respectable clergyman in Scotland, a few years ago, had a powerful effect in removing the disbelief of the existence of such an animal; and this, corroborated by the testimony of others, has now placed the matter beyond doubt with many who discredited the story before.

The following relation of some particulars of an animal resembling the human form, which was seen in Lake Superior many years ago, is given, if not as a proof of the existence of the mermaid, as an undeniable testimony that even in these lakes, as well as in the ocean, there are inhabitants with which our philosophers are not yet acquainted. This account is given in the form of a deposition before two of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, and, as appears from his character, the relator was entitled to belief; although the opinion he had formed of the narrative being liable to be doubted induced him to give it under the solemnity of an oath.

"Appeared before us, Judges of the Court of King's Bench for the District of Montreal, Venant St. Germain, Esquire, of Repentigny, Merchant and Voyageur, who being sworn on the Holy Evangelists sayeth: That in the year 1782, on the 3d of May, when on his return to Michilimackinac from the Grand Portage, he arrived at the south end of the Isle Paté [Pie Island, near Fort William], where he formed his encampment to stop for the night. That a little before sunset, the evening being clear and serene, deponent was returning from setting his nets, and reached his encampment a short time after the sun went down. That on disembarking, the deponent happened to turn towards the lake, when he observed, about an acre or three quarters of an acre distant from the bank where he stood, an animal in the water, which appeared to him to have the upper part of its body, above the waist, formed exactly like that of a human being. It had the half of its body out of the water, and the novelty of so extraordinary a spectacle excited his attention, and led him to examine it carefully. That the body of the animal seemed to him about the size of that of a child of seven or eight years of age, with one of its arms extended and elevated in the air. The hand appeared to be composed of fingers exactly similar to those of a man; and the right arm was kept in an elevated position, while the left seemed to rest upon the hip, but the deponent did not see the latter, it being kept under the water. The deponent distinctly saw the features of the countenance, which bore an exact resemblance to those of the human face. The eyes were extremely brilliant; the nose small but handsomely shaped; the mouth proportionate to the rest of the face; the complexion of a brownish hue, somewhat similar to that of a young negro; the ears well formed, and corresponding to the other parts of the figure. He did not discover that the animal had any hair, but in the place of it he observed that woolly substance about an inch long, on the top of the head, somewhat similar to that which grows on the heads of negroes. The animal looked the deponent in the face, with an aspect indicating uneasiness, but at the same time with a mixture of curiosity; and the deponent, along with three other men who were with him at the time, and an old Indian woman to whom he had given a passage in his canoe, attentively examined the animal for the space of three of four minutes.

"The deponent formed the design of getting possession of the animal if possible, and for this purpose endeavoured to get hold of his gun, which was loaded at the time, with the intention of shooting it; but the Indian woman, who was near at the time, ran up to the deponent, and, seizing him by the clothes, by her violent struggles, prevented his taking aim. During the time which he was occupied in this, the animal sunk under water without changing its attitude, and, disappearing, was seen no more.

"The woman appeared highly indignant at the audacity of the deponent in offering to fire upon what she termed the God of the Waters and Lakes; and vented her anger in bitter reproaches, saying they would all infallibly perish, for the God of the Waters would raise such a tempest as would dash them to pieces upon the rocks; saying, that for her own part, she would fly the danger, and proceeded to ascend the bank, which happened to be steep in that part. The deponent, despising her threats, remained quietly where he had fixed his encampment. That at about ten or eleven at night, they heard the dashing of the waves, accompanied with such a violent gale of wind, so as to render it necessary for them to drag their canoe higher up on the beach; and the deponent, accompanied by his men, was obliged to seek shelter from the violence of the storm, which continued for three days, unabated.

"That it is in the knowledge of the deponent, that there exists a general belief diffused among the Indians who inhabit the country around this island, that it is the residence of the God of the Waters and of the Lakes, whom in their language they call *Manitou Niba Nabais*, and that he had often heard that this belief was peculiar to the Sauteux Indians. He farther learned from another voyageur, that an animal exactly similar to that which deponent described, had been seen by him on another occasion when passing from Paté to Tonnerre, and deponent thinks the frequent appearance of this extraordinary animal in this spot has given rise to the superstitious belief among the Indians, that the God of the Waters had fixed upon this for his residence.

"That the deponent, in speaking of the storm which followed the threats of the Indian woman, merely remarked it as a strange circumstance which coincided with the time, without attributing it to any other cause than what naturally produces such an effect, and which is a well known occurrence to voyageurs: that fish in general appear most numerous near the surface, and are most apt to show themselves above water on the approach of a storm.

"And further the deponent saith not.

Signed VENANT ST. GERMAIN

"Sworn before us, 13th November, 1812

Signed, "P. L. Panet, J.K.B.

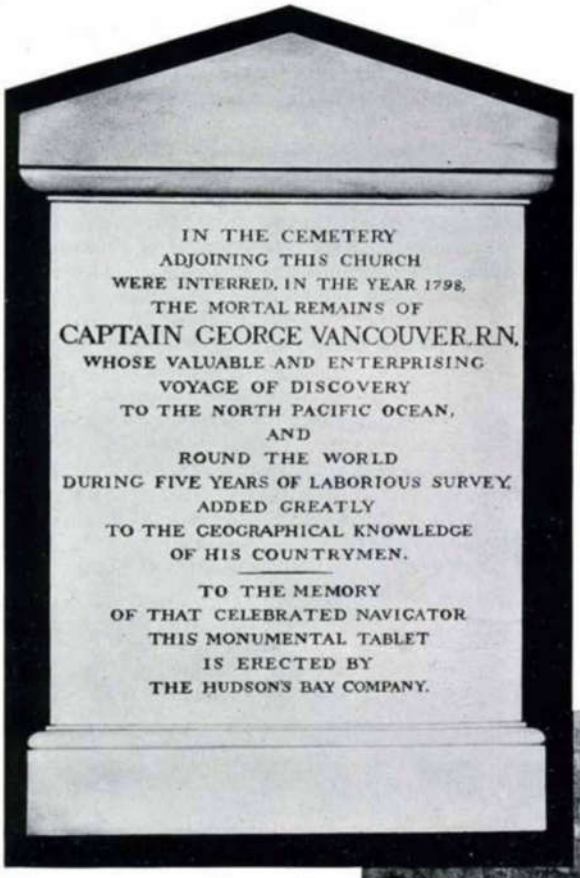
"I. Ogden, J.K.B."

Past and Present

Left: Where British and Canadian troops drilled in 1846, 1857, and 1870, men of the new Canadian army drill today. Soldiers of a Winnipeg regiment march past the gate of old Fort Garry.

Below: Not in war paint and feathers, but in modern battle dress, the Canadian Indian now stalks his enemy through the trees.

On the left is Raymond Prince of the Seaforth Highlanders, whose ancestor was the famous Warrior-Chief Kwah of the Carrier Indians at Fort St. James. His companion is another full-blood, Pte. A. R. Derrick, from Kitwanga, B.C., now with the South Saskatchewan Regiment. Canadian Army Photos.



The grave of Capt. Vancouver, and the tablet erected to his memory in 1841 by Hudson's Bay Company in the church at Petersham, Surrey. Just 150 years ago, the celebrated navigator sailed into the harbour of the great port that now bears his name. Vancouver City Archives.

The FRASER RIVER GOLD RUSH

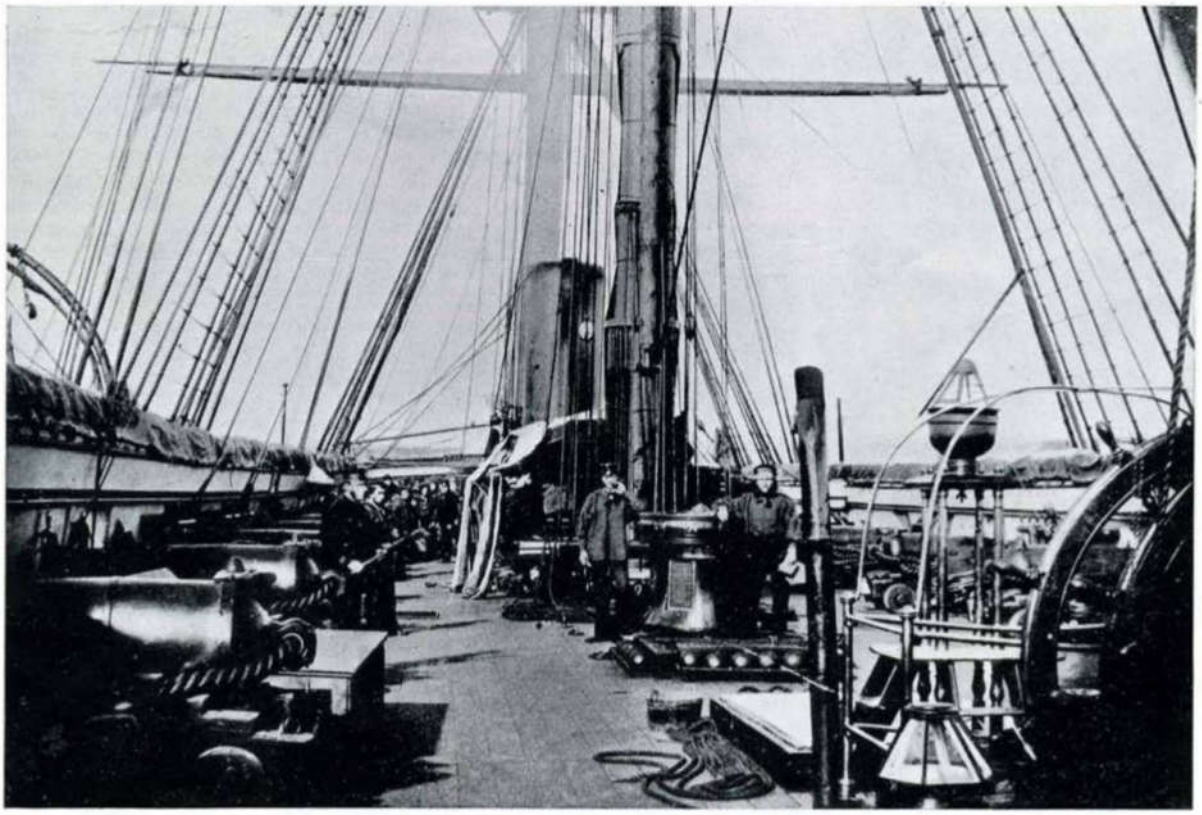
by T. A. Rickard

An article by Dr. Rickard on the discovery of gold in B.C. appeared in the March Beaver. *Here he tells of the rush that followed.*

NEWS of the discovery of gold on the Fraser River soon reached the United States and excitement grew daily in the Oregon country and in California. In July thirty-five vessels left San Francisco for the northern diggings. As many as 1732 gold-seekers embarked in one day. Boats, canoes, and other small craft brought the adventurers from the ports on Puget Sound to the Fraser River. The crews of the ships deserted and stampeded to the mines. Every form of industry was paralyzed. Even soldiers at the United States army posts absconded in large numbers. Of this mob a large part came to trade and to speculate in different ways, so that only about a tenth of them actually went to work as miners. It is estimated that thirty thousand men rushed to the Fraser River diggings in 1858. Most of the adventurers disembarked at Victoria, where they learned that they had a long way yet to go before reaching the new Eldorado. Many boats and other small vessels were wrecked in the Strait of Georgia and in the rapids of the Fraser River.

The Governor of Vancouver Island, James Douglas, re-asserted the regalian right to the gold and imposed a licence-fee of ten shillings per month to be paid by anyone intending to mine for it. The fee was increased later to twenty-one shillings, or five dollars, per month. The owners of vessels carrying passengers up the Fraser had to pay two dollars per head to the Hudson's Bay Company. To enforce these payments a British gunboat, the *Satellite*, was stationed at the mouth of the river. Thus the authority of the Crown and the control of the Hudson's Bay Company co-operated. Douglas's power to close the entrance to the Fraser River by aid of a British gunboat was a decisive factor. At the beginning of the rush, in 1858, he had the help of the marines from the *Satellite* in maintaining order amid the unruly mob of adventurers. In the following year a detachment of the Royal Engineers consisting of one hundred and sixty-five officers and men was sent from England. They proved of great service, not only in enforcing the law but also in helping notably to construct a road to the Cariboo diggings. Thanks to this military aid, the Cariboo rush was not disfigured by the gun-play that gave a supposedly romantic touch to the life of the Californian mining camps of those days. The use of the revolver and the flouting of the law are anything but

H.M.S. *Satellite*, the gunboat which was stationed at the mouth of the Fraser River to enforce the payment of miners' licence fees. *B.C. Archives.*



romantic; they are a part of the regrettable vulgarities of mining life in the United States and they sully the record of the Californian argonauts. In Canada, as in Australia, the use of revolvers was checked partly by law and partly by ridicule.

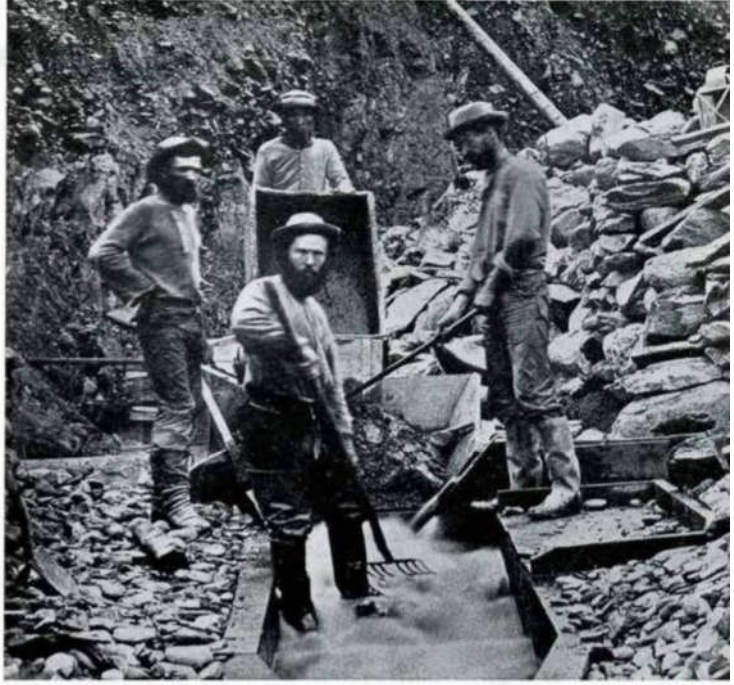
We may note that in those days the total white population of Vancouver Island, with an area equal to that of Switzerland, was only four hundred and fifty, of which number three hundred were at Fort Victoria. On the mainland opposite, the only white people were those stationed at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts—probably about three hundred men. The eager gold-seekers therefore came into a region very sparsely populated, for even the Indians numbered only fifteen thousand.

The menace inherent in the stampede to the diggings was twofold. In the first place, it was obvious that most of the miners would be Americans, and their arrival might threaten British sovereignty over what is now the southern mainland of British Columbia. In the second place, Douglas was convinced that, in the event of a sudden influx of miners, "difficulties between the natives and whites" would occur frequently, and that, unless preventive measures were taken, the country would "soon become the scene of lawless misrule."

The manner in which Douglas warded off the first danger need not be described in detail. It suffices to record that he acted promptly, and in December, 1857, issued a proclamation, with accompanying regulations, in his capacity as Governor of Vancouver Island, declaring "all mines of gold, and all gold in its natural place of deposit, within the district of Fraser's River and of Thompson's River" to be the property of the Crown. He imposed a licence-fee of ten shillings per month, payable in advance, on all gold miners.

The wording of this proclamation follows closely on the text of that issued by Douglas in 1853, at the time of the Queen Charlotte Islands excitement; and it is clear that he regarded the first proclamation, which had been approved in London, as indicative of the policy the British government would expect him to follow when similar conditions had to be faced on the mainland. Douglas was well aware of the unprotected condition of the country on the mainland, and he sensed the danger to the British interest; he knew, as he admitted in a letter to the Colonial Office, that he had no authority to issue such a proclamation in regard to territory beyond the jurisdiction of his government on Vancouver Island, but he pleaded in excuse the fact that he was invested with authority over the premises of the Hudson's Bay Company and that he was the only representative of Her Majesty within reach.

The Company, as fur-traders, had been granted an exclusive licence in 1838 to do business with the Indians on the mainland, then known as New Caledonia, and in furtherance of that business they had established outposts and built forts. The licence to trade on the mainland was due to expire in 1859. Meanwhile the Hudson's Bay factors were the only representatives of British authority in that region, and Douglas, as chief factor, was the person from whom protective measures at that juncture might properly emanate. The comment of the American historian, Bancroft, is illuminating: "Douglas had reason to fear the American invasion, for he had seen Oregon pass out of the possession of the Company and of the Crown by a similar peaceful invasion."



The "Ne'er-do-weel" mine near Barkerville.
B.C. Archives.

The Indians participated in the search for gold after the American miners started to work on the placers of the Fraser River. In a dispatch of June 10, 1858, Douglas describes his visit to the diggings, which at that date extended along the river for a distance of two hundred miles. In a stretch of twenty miles, he found one hundred and ninety white men at work, besides "double that number of native Indians, promiscuously engaged with the whites in the same exciting pursuit." As was to be expected, a conflict arose.

The Indians, quite properly, regarded the country as their own by right of long possession, and, having found it profitable to gather gold for bartering with the fur-traders, they objected to this trespass upon their lucrative industry. When the little mine at Mitchell Harbour was being worked, in 1851, as we have seen, the Indians stole the tools of the miners and appropriated their gold as well. On the Fraser River the miners were overbearing in their attitude to the natives, who, in return, resented also their maltreatment of the squaws. Early in August of 1858 the Indians forced the miners above Yale to flee for safety. Their tools and provisions were seized. Reprisals ensued, as was to be expected, and a body of one hundred and twenty-three volunteers from Yale marched against the Indians, under the leadership of an American, Captain H. M. Snyder. This company of resolute men was increased soon afterwards by another forty, and the Indians, intimidated by such a show of force, agreed on terms of peace. Actually there was little blood shed; but this did not prevent some hair-raising tales of massacre from finding their way into the newspapers of the day. These stories doubtless served the useful purpose of keeping other would-be miners away from the diggings; but they have unfortunately been perpetuated in the garrulous reminiscences of old-timers. The official letters of Governor Douglas to the Colonial Secretary state the facts.

The information sent by Douglas to London concerning the gold discoveries caused the British Government to take action for the preservation of its territorial rights. In June of 1858 a bill for the governance of New Caledonia was presented to Parliament, and in August it was passed. The mainland region had

BRITISH COLUMBIA

V. R.

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency, JAMES DOUGLAS, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Colony of British Columbia and its Dependencies.

WHEREAS, by an Act of Parliament made and passed in the session of Parliament held in the 21st and 22nd years of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Chapter XCIX, intituled "An Act to Provide for the Government of British Columbia," the limits of the said Colony were defined, and Her Majesty was authorized to invest the Governor thereof with such powers as in the said Act of Parliament are mentioned;

And whereas by a Commission under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint JAMES DOUGLAS to be Governor of British Columbia; And the said Governor is required by the said Commission, amongst other things, formally to proclaim the said Act within the said Colony of British Columbia.

Therefore I, James Douglas, Governor of the said Colony, now proclaim and publish the said Act for the information and guidance of Her Majesty's subjects, and others whom it may concern, as follows:

The government of "certain wild and unoccupied territiories on the North-West Coast of North America"—thenceforth to be known as British Columbia—is provided for in this proclamation issued at Fort Langley, Nov. 19, 1858.

already appeared on several maps as "Columbia," in recognition of the fact that the southern part of it occupied the watershed of that historic river. Queen Victoria suggested that the old name, New Caledonia, ought to be discarded because it had a geographic identity with an insular possession of France in the western Pacific Ocean, and, in order to distinguish the new colony from Columbia in South America, the Queen suggested the use of the prefix "British." The South American country, of course, was, and is, not Columbia, but Colombia, named after the Admiral of the Ocean, Christopher Columbus, but even if spelled differently it would have sounded nearly the same. Douglas was appointed governor of the new colony on condition of severing his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company. He continued to be Governor of Vancouver Island and of British Columbia until 1864, when he retired and was awarded a knighthood.

The output of gold from the diggings during the latter half of 1858 was about $500,000. Unfortunately, the Fraser River was in flood and the mining operations were restricted. The conditions were different from those in California. The Americans found themselves in an inhospitable country, they were harassed by the Indians and irritated by the exactions of the Hudson's Bay Company. Many of them left the diggings, disillusioned and disappointed. Those that remained were successful. They prospected the higher reaches of the river. At this time the idea began to prevail among the diggers that coarser gold would be found up-stream. In British Columbia, as in California, the miners cherished the notion of a "mother lode," an enormous vein of gold-quartz, the erosion and disintegration of which had released the detrital gold they found in the river-beds. Prospectors therefore made their way northward. In June of 1858, Aaron Post, a Californian, went as far as the Chilkoten River, one hundred and ten miles above the junction of the Thompson and Fraser rivers. He found gold in many of the gravel bars that he tested. The alluvial flats above Fort Alexandria were exploited in April of 1859, and in May a party of miners reached the Quesnel River. Rumours of rich strikes began to circulate on the coast. Late in the same year some of the diggers reached Cariboo Lake, and in rafts made hastily by aid of withes they prospected along the shore. Then came what is known as the Cariboo rush.

While a group of prospectors, led by Rose and McDonald, penetrated to the headwaters of the Bear River and developed profitable diggings, another group continued up the north fork of the Quesnel to Cunningham Creek, where also rich ground was discovered; but the chief cause of excitement during that season was the finding, in January, 1861, of the wonderful alluvial deposits on Antler Creek. The first panful of gravel yielded $25; the second, $75. A fall of snow stopped work, but even the severe winter did not hinder a stampede and the wild pegging of claims on the snow-clad surface. When work was resumed in the spring it was noted that in several places the creek had cut into an old channel, where the bedrock was paved with gold. On Keithley Creek also an old channel had been laid bare by erosion, thereby exposing rich gravel. It was easy to explore the shallow parts of this deposit. Much of the gold was in the form of nuggets lying a few feet under the surface. A party of five men, in June, 1861, divided $1200 between them as the reward for a single day's work, and their daily average gain for several weeks was a pound weight of gold. On Lightning Creek a miner collected nine hundred ounces on his first day of work, five hundred ounces on the second, and three hundred on the third day. The Cameron claim yielded from forty to one hundred and twelve ounces of gold on each of the three shifts per day. The Cunningham diggings gave an average of $2000 per day throughout the season. On Lowhee Creek, the discoverer and his five companions in six weeks took out 3037 ounces from a strip of ground twelve feet wide extending along four hundred feet of the stream-bed. It is obvious that these yields were comparable with the best of the Californian alluvial bonanzas.

At the end of 1859 the miners began to arrive at Victoria with their bags of nuggets. The spirit of the little town revived. With a working population of only fifteen hundred, the Cariboo district exported $2,500,000 of gold to Victoria before the close of the 1861 season. This time the rush was a better kind of immigration, although smaller in number than the stampede of 1858. The influx of enterprising men continued for five years and greatly strengthened the human resources of the colony. In 1860 the population of Vancouver Island was estimated at five thousand, with about as many on the mainland. In 1863 the output of the Cariboo diggings was nearly $4,000,000. In twenty years the sum of $35,000,000 in gold was taken from within an area of fifty miles square and exploited by a force of only two thousand working miners. The production therefore was much less than that of the Californian diggings during an equal length of time, but its effect upon the industrial and political development of the region was no less decisive.

The last leg of the Cariboo Road was completed to Barkerville, on fabulous William Creek, in 1865, and that settlement became the chief distributing centre

in the district. Gold had been found there in 1861, lying fifty or sixty feet below the flat, and Barkerville flourished on underground mining. The Hudson's Bay Company opened a store there in 1867, accepting gold dust and nuggets in payment for goods. The large brass scales on which the gold was weighed were imported from San Francisco, and are now to be seen in the Company's museum at Winnipeg.

The discoveries on the Fraser and Thompson rivers led to the search for gold elsewhere in the colony, and successful diggings were developed on the Similkameen River, the Stickeen, Skeena, Cassiar, Omineca, and Okanagan. Later came discoveries of silver, lead, and copper deposits in the Kootenay and Boundary districts. Thus British Columbia developed industrially.

As a rule, the population of a mining community is at least five times the number of those actually at work in the mines. The operations require the aid of those engaged in providing food, in transporting materials, in supplying lumber, in building roads; and, by no means least important, in amusing the workers during their leisure hours. In an undeveloped region an industry such as mining, with its many ramifications, creates the need for subsidiary industries, such as lumbering and gardening, followed in due course, near the mines or in suitable localities not far away, by agriculture on a larger scale. Usually the mining district itself is not suited for agriculture, therefore foodstuffs come from places that have to be linked with the mines by aid first of wagon roads and then of railways.

Mining opened doors of opportunity. The finding of gold on one river served to incite search on others, and in due course opened up the whole country to immigration and its consequent industrial activities. These required capital, and with the influx of capital there was given the motive power for further exploration and development. The consequences of the rushes to the Fraser and the Cariboo are not to be measured merely in the gold that was gathered by the miners; in the sequel the gold discoveries became a factor in the building of the transcontinental railroad and the confederation of the provinces from sea to sea.

Placer mining in B.C. today. A miner working a bar on the Dease River. *Wm. Ware.*

MISTASS

in Summer

by

Above: Canoe brigade, modern style. An Indian flotilla, towed by canoes with outboard motors, arrives at Mistassinny post with the winter's catch of furs.

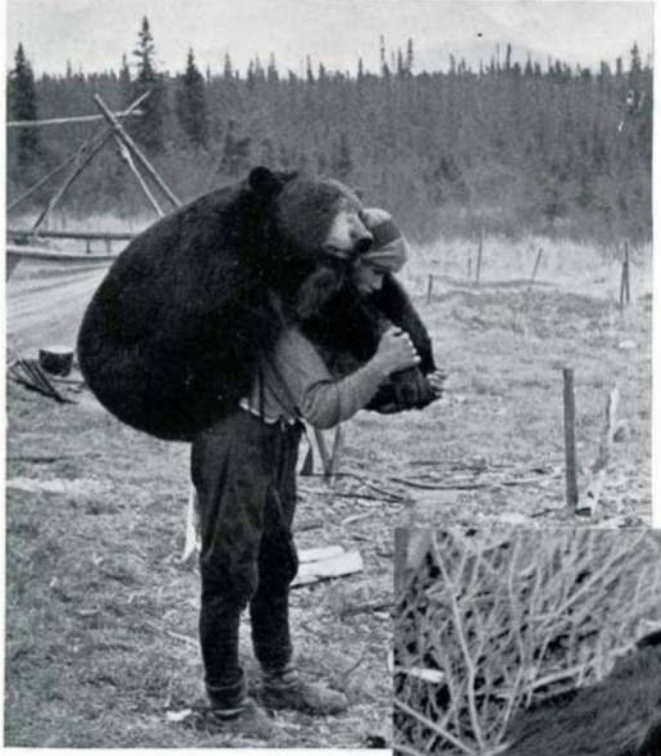
Above: The motors are shut off, tow lines are hauled aboard, and each canoe approaches the dock under its own power. Note the skins in one of the canoes.

Left: The new-comers greet their fellow tribesmen who have arrived before them. The small boys get their share of the hand-shakes, too.

Below: A sextuple wedding is solemnized by Archbishop Anderson, seen standing in the background.

INNY

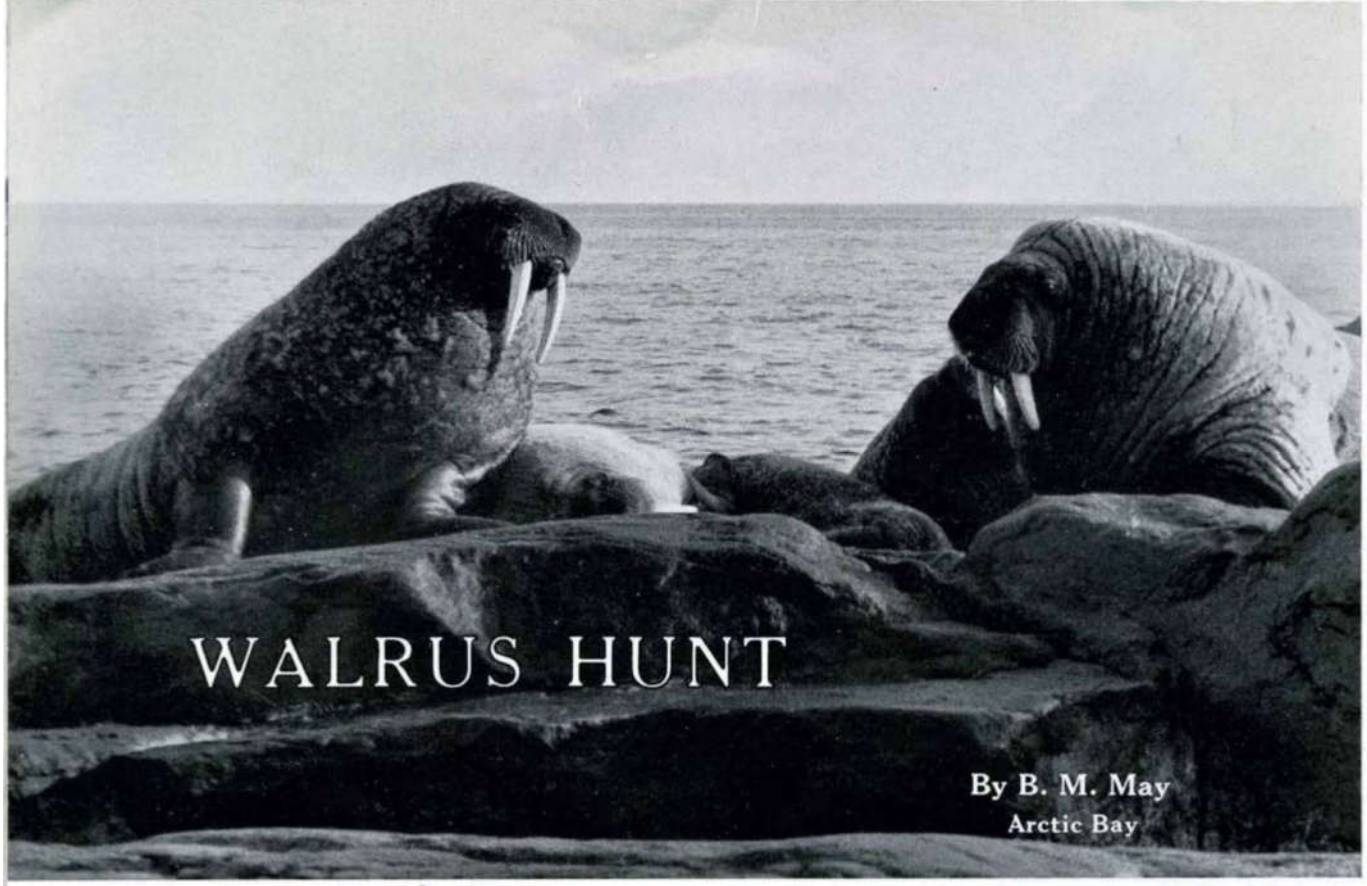
S. R. Crone



Skinning a Bear

Left: First catch your bear. Then (below) slit the skin from throat to tail. Next (below left) remove the skin from one side, then from the other.

Above: Hang the carcass and guts in the smoke of a wood fire for several days. Left: Stretch the skin to dry on a framework of poles.



WALRUS HUNT

By B. M. May
Arctic Bay

Basking walrus. T. H. Manning.

This story won the second prize in the Beaver *contest, "My Most Exciting Experience in the Company's Service."*

At some Company posts, walrus hunting takes place in the late fall of the year when the weather can be cold and Hudson Bay very rough for travel in Peterhead boats. These walrus hunts take from two to four weeks, depending on the distance travelled, and on the all-important weather conditions.

On October 15, 1939, five Eskimos and myself left Povungnetuk in the Peterhead boat, *Kung-o* (snow goose). Our destination was the Ottawa Islands, some eighty miles west of the post. Our plan was to run down the coast some twenty miles and anchor for the night, getting a good early start for the islands the following morning. The first stage of the journey was made uneventfully enough. The following morning, upon awakening we found land and sea covered in a thick blanket of fog. We were unable to leave that day. Towards nightfall the fog lifted, but a strong nor'-wester blew up that by daybreak increased to a gale. For six days this gale blew, forcing us to stay in the shelter of our anchorage. On the seventh morning we awoke to find the wind had died down a little, but a thick blanket of snow had fallen, making the hills look like winter. Evidently freeze-up was not far off.

We decided to make at least a try for the islands before returning to the post. These hunts mean a great deal to the native, both for dog feed and for his own consumption, and so we thought the risk was worth taking. Our start was made at seven a.m. As we rounded the point from our anchorage, great rolling waves could be seen breaking over the various small islands about. At this time there was a stiff sou'west wind, so we ran up the reefed mainsail. During the morning we made excellent time, and were congratulating ourselves upon leaving, when the wind suddenly shifted to due west dead ahead of us.

Gradually it increased in force, until things began to look bad. We estimated we were over half way to the islands. To turn back was of no avail, as in any case it would be dark before we reached land. By this time the wind had reached gale force. The waves gradually got bigger and bigger, until I imagined our little craft would never reach the top of them, as they towered above it. On reaching the crest of each wave the wind would catch her and tilt us on a perilous angle until she plunged into the trough of the on-coming wave, to have the whole procedure repeated. It was necessary to run the engine at practically full speed to make any headway at all, but this tended to make her plunge more. Finally, the waves reached their peak in size and began to break on top. The *Kung-o* was half submerged as they broke over her, and we were in danger of being washed overboard, so we tied a rope around our waists and secured it to the boat. Luckily, the hatches were fairly tight, and we managed to keep the water down by pumping whenever possible. It was now almost impossible to go down and attend to the engine, as the boat was rolling so violently and the water was continuously rushing over the decks. I think we all prayed the engine would keep running—and fortunately it did.

Finally darkness began to close in, and we knew that if no land was sighted within the next hour it might be too bad for all concerned. It was decided to try a small sail to help us along. No sooner was this rigged than all four stays on the mast snapped like twine. In taking down the sail, it was washed overboard with all the rigging. As this happened, the boat reached the top of a huge wave and almost turned turtle with the weight of the submerged sail and the power of engine combined. After a hard struggle, we finally got the sail back on deck and lashed down before the *Kung-o* began to play submarine again.

We determined to keep the engine running for another hour, and, if no land was sighted in this time, to shut it off and let the boat drift, hoping we should strike no land before daybreak. The engine had been sounding none too healthy for the last half hour, so I decided it was time to investigate. After waiting till the deck cleared of water, I made a rush for it, and managed to get into the engine room before another wave broke on deck. I found it impossible to work at the engine, as the boat was rolling so violently that she would be almost upside down at times. The flywheel was turning in a foot of water, which was spraying around in great style—oil cans, wrenches, etc. joining in the fray. At times it felt as though everything were upside down as the centre of gravity shifted. After a few minutes of engine fumes, I began to feel none too well and came out on deck again.

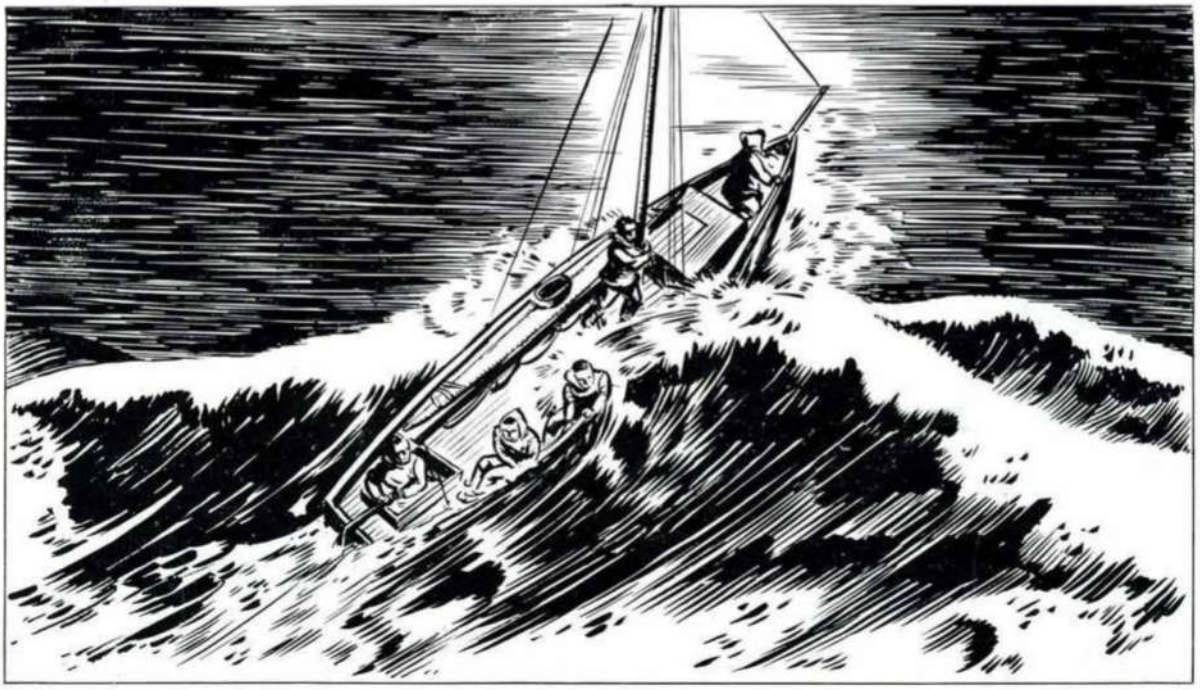
There I found it very dark and snowing, though the wind seemed to have let up a little. Things were looking serious, as I imagined we would run on the islands, but Johnny, one of the crew, pointed out that the rocks would show up white with the fresh snow on them. We had almost given up hope of sighting land, when Peter Krumarlook, an old hand at the game, who was perched up in the bow with a few turns of anchor chain around his waist, suddenly gave a yell, "*Noona, Noona-alook*"—"land, big land." Sure enough there it was—great white cliffs rising out of the sea, and just seen in time, as we were only some fifty yards from it. With some clever manoeuvring by the crew, we managed to get in the lee of this island. We dropped anchor in a small cove, but knew we should have to shift it that night as our chains were just long enough to touch the rocky bottom, even though only a few yards from the shore.

During the day's travel, we had been blown a long way south and had made one of the smaller islands which form the group. These islands have only two safe anchorages: we were ten miles from the closest, but poorest. Our first thought was for a drink of hot tea and a bite to eat, as we had had nothing for eleven hours. This completed, we once more set off for the safety of the other anchorage. After several hours' tough going, we arrived there, and at last turned in for some much needed rest. That night was quite miserable, as all our clothes, grub and bedding were thoroughly soaked through.

We spent three days in this harbour drying clothes, repairing the mast and tuning up the engine. The fourth day proved to be fine and calm, but cold, and as we moved along the water froze to the sides of the boat, slowing up our speed considerably. After cruising for two hours north along the islands, we saw five large walrus lying on a small island. The deck was cleared for action, harpoons made in readiness and cartridges rationed out. It was decided that Charlie and Lucassie should go ashore to try to kill two or more on the land.

The canoe, which acted as tender to the *Kung-o*, was lowered, and they paddled ashore. Presently they appeared a few yards from the game and we heard the bark of their rifles. This was our cue to steam up beside the walrus who had slipped into the water. Two remained on the land, so we knew the two men had not missed. Suddenly the remaining three appeared on our right, and we immediately turned and bore down on them.

"On reaching the crest of each wave, the wind would catch her and tilt us on a perilous angle."



Hauling a dead walrus ashore on the Ottawa Islands.
N. Roberts.

Another walrus is hauled aboard the *Kung-O*.
R. Cruickshank.

When walrus are hard pressed, they come up for air every few minutes, which gives the hunter a chance to throw his harpoon. It is necessary to harpoon them before the killing, or else they sink. A sealskin float is attached to the line and this acts as a buoy. Joe and Thomassie took their places in the bow and, as we came up to the game, they both hurled their harpoons. Each spear went home, so there was only one walrus remaining. As we steamed past the spot, he appeared for a moment at the stern. With a quick thrust Johnny had thrown his harpoon and hit the mark—even though some fifteen yards from the boat, which is an exceptionally long throw. The next job was to finish them off, which was done in short order, although it is surprising how much it takes to kill a large bull. Some require three or more head shots from a high powered rifle before dying. The rest of the day was spent in cutting up the meat and stowing it in the hold with the aid of the block and tackle from the mast.

The following day, while cruising, a large bear was seen on the beach of a small island. This was the chance I had been waiting for. We lost no time in launching the canoe, and Johnny and I rowed ashore. As yet, the bear had not seen us, and we managed to get within a hundred yards before he stood up with a grunt. In my excitement, I shot high, and only managed to wound him. He ran over a small rise, with myself in hot pursuit. As I reached the top of the rise, I found the bear coming back; so I lost no time in filling a good trophy full of holes.

The rest of the hunt was very successful. We managed to get our full load of meat, and each member of the crew got a bear. We left the islands at one o'clock on a bright moonlight morning. The same day, at four p.m. we arrived at Port Harrison, only to find winter had set in, the bay by the post frozen over and the hills white with snow. After refuelling, we left the post for the one hundred and twenty mile trip back to Povungnetuk.

Upon arriving there, we found the same wintry conditions, and with great difficulty cut a path through the ice in order to pull the boat up. We spent that night doing this, under the supervision of Post Manager R. Cruickshank, who was very pleased to see us back after the weather we went through. The boat was hauled up just in time, for the following day two sleds arrived at the post.

Natives skinning the bear shot by the author.
B. M. May.

Discharging walrus meat from a Peterhead boat.
A. T. Swaffield.

BOOK REVIEWS

NEEDLE TO THE NORTH, by Arthur C. Twomey in collaboration with Nigel Herrick. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, and Thomas Allen & Sons, Toronto, 1942. 360 pages, illustrated, map.

READERS of *The Beaver* in 1939 may recall two stories by Dr. Twomey, one entitled "Ungava Expedition" and the other "Walrus off the Sleepers," in which short accounts were given of the northern journeys described in this book.

The first half of *Needle to the North* deals with the search for *Kasagea*, the unidentified fresh water seal in that part of northern Quebec which Dr. Twomey calls Ungava. To discover a brand new species of large mammal is an achievement of rare importance in the world of science, and although the scientific report on this seal has not yet been published, one can safely assume that the expedition was completely successful.

Reports had been reaching the coast for some years of seals in the fresh water lakes in from Richmond Gulf, and plans were being formed to investigate them. These plans received a new impetus when J. K. Doutt, curator of mammalogy at the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg, was visiting Great Whale River post in 1935. He happened to notice that one of the Indians down from the interior was wearing a bag made of the skin of a hair seal unknown to science. The museum therefore arranged to send him, accompanied by their assistant curator of ornithology, Dr. Twomey, to Lower Seal Lake, where the unidentified animal had been killed. The Hudson's Bay Company, as is usual in such cases, was asked to provide shelter, food, equipment, native contacts, and so on. (Dr. Twomey, incidentally, is a Canadian, born in Ontario, and educated in Alberta, where his boyish interest in natural history quickly developed under the guidance of an older man. He received his Ph.D. in zoology at the University of Illinois.)

Once the object of their search was accomplished, the expedition crossed from the east main to the Belchers over the precarious ice-bridge, some sixty miles long. Their task was to make a biological survey of those inhospitable islands, and to get six walrus for a habitat group in the museum. It is with this spring and summer journey that the second half of the book deals.

The author was of course interested primarily in zoology. But it is with human beings—Eskimo, Indian and white—that the book is chiefly concerned. And his characters are as real in the book as they are in actual life. There is Norman Ross, calm and capable, now at Arctic Bay, but then post manager at Great Whale River, who helped to arrange for the seal hunting expedition. There is Ekumiak, the little Eskimo who was so useful in his own coastal country, but so pathetically useless in the country of the Indians. He went along with his faithful and beloved old dog, to discover the seals' breathing holes. There is Luk Cashe, the giant, ugly, good natured Indian, who had the strength and clumsiness and the brain of an ox. There is Post Manager Bob Cruickshank, the only white man on the Belchers, who had been the Eskimos' kindly counsellor and friend there ever since he had established the post five years before. And there is Peter Sala, the likeable, adroit hunter, who later became the self-styled Messiah and convicted murderer of the Belcher Eskimos.

The story of the unknown seal provides the chief drama in the book, and it is told so well that the reader, whether he is interested in natural history or not, must surely share with the author the hopes and trials and disappointments of the long search, as well as the thrill of triumph at its end. Little Eskimo Ekumiak may have been useless in the fearsome wilds of the interior; but it was his remarkable pantomime, played before the wondering Indians that night, when all hope had been given up, which really made possible success at the last hour.—*C.W.*

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY: Canada and Her People; by Bruce Hutchinson. Longmans Green, Toronto, and Coward McCann, New York, 1942. 373 pages. Illustrated.

IN this fascinating volume Bruce Hutchinson, of Vancouver, puts an unerring finger on a point which many of us feel vaguely in our minds, but which most of us fail to recognize. The point is that the true Canada is almost unknown to the world at large, and but vaguely known to many of us actually living in the country. He is a brave man who seeks to portray in one volume the myriad facets of Canadian life, scene and history; and the author admits that this is but an attempt to give the stranger a general glimpse of the surface of Canada, and something of the substance, the people, the problems, the history and the future beneath the surface.

To expect perfection in such a herculean task is to expect the impossible. The author's views on politics and leading men will fail to impress the reader. His reference to a well known Winnipeg newspaper editor as the greatest Canadian of his time will be considered by many as nothing more than fulsome flattery; and to describe our prime minister as "a great man by almost any definition" is anticipating history.

It is a pity that one possessed of the poetic and descriptive gifts of the author should descend to politics and personalities, as the rest of the book is such pure gold that the attention of the reader will be held well on into the small hours. The salient characteristics of every province are sketched with a touch of genius, and the conflicting elements of race, religion and economy are assessed in their true perspective. Bruce Hutchinson has done a lot of travelling, and when he has travelled he has studied and observed. The results of his observations are conveyed to the reader in some really beautiful passages. "Who can know our loneliness, on the immensity of prairies, in the dark forest

and on the windy sea rock? A few lights, a faint glow is our largest city on the vast breast of night, and all around blackness and emptiness and silence where no man walks." And again: "Wondrous and sweet is our name, Canada! The very word is like a boy's shout in the springtime, the clamour of geese going north, the roar of melting rivers and the murmur of early winds."

If you would know Quebec, read his description of that fascinating old-world city under the heading of "Mother of Canada," and if the evolution of the British Commonwealth of Nations interests you, read his chapter on "Made in Canada." To anyone seeking to further his knowledge of this goodly land, it will be worth more than all the history books I have read. —*J. D. Gemmill.*

CANADA MOVES NORTH, written and illustrated by Richard Finnie. The Macmillan Co., Toronto and New York, 1942.

Editorial Note: The reviewer of this book, which has caused so much discussion in northern circles, is a man who well knows the North and its people, having spent about seventeen years living and travelling, summer and winter, in both eastern and western Arctics, as well as in the Mackenzie area. He is now putting his knowledge to good use in the R.C.A.F.

MOST of the older residents of the Northwest Territories—with which this book exclusively deals—know Dick Finnie. And many of them will smile to read in the jacket blurb that he is "the only man with the first hand knowledge, the ability and the freedom to tell the unbiased story, etc., etc."

The fact is that everyone who travels in the north country must acquire "bias." For they must be indebted to some institution or group for transport facilities, valuable information, and simpler things like hospitality and friendship. The book deals largely with the Mackenzie and the adjacent country; otherwise it offers little more than the observations of an intelligent tourist. Access to government reports and a keen interest in the work of the many government investigators gives the author's work an authoritative ring which is not in keeping with his limited northern experience.

Commencing on a simple theme—the ignorance of the public on northern conditions—the author proceeds to inform the reader on Arctic weather. He makes the statement that he has never been seriously inconvenienced by cold in the Arctic, or badly frostbitten. However, there are many Eskimos who have, and this idea of a "friendly Arctic," conceived in the rosy glow of a comfortable study, will not be accepted by the many who have felt its unfriendliness.

As the book proceeds, along a well considered plan, it radiates indignation at what Mr. Finnie considers the mismanagement of the natives. The author reaches a white heat that blisters everything he touches, particularly commerce and the Church and, in a lesser degree, the apathy of government administration. Comparisons are drawn between the prosperous natives of the Mackenzie Delta, who, according to the author, are now freed by competition from the "monopoly" held by the old fur trading company, and the frugal, hard-working and debt-free Baffinlanders. Strange to relate, the business of the Hudson's Bay Company has been hitting a new "high" every year in the delta, and the confidence of the natives has been, if it ever was lost, completely restored. Incomes are stated to be as high as $10,000.00 in the case of some families trading into the delta, but still the much maligned Church partly clothes and feeds the families of many wealthy natives, and endeavours to educate them to a sense of greater responsibility.

The author's attack on the present system of administration in several spheres of northern work is but a prelude to the development of the main idea of the book, viz., the advocacy of complete government control of the lives of the natives. Mr. Finnie proceeds to outline a scheme that will flood the country with government officials—remarkably efficient characters, the reader judges, who would analyse problems on the spot, rectify errors and please everybody. Such men unfortunately are not to be found, and northern problems touching religion, education and native welfare will remain while human nature is what it is.

The chapters devoted to transport developments, although not as complete as they might be regarding earlier activities, give the reader a clear picture of the rapid growth of air-borne transport and its effect on the mining industry. The story of the development of mineral and oil fields in the territories is told with enthusiasm; colourful characters flit through the pages and tribute is given to the men who blazed the trail.

In contrast to the generous praise given to the pioneers of recent years, the early English explorers are derided for the hardships they endured and the methods they employed. The author overlooks the fact that most of the explorers ranged far beyond H B C posts and transport routes which in his case kept him well equipped with supplies.

The north country is too vast to spring into life as Mr. Finnie pictures it and the native peoples can never play a part worthy of them. Around the mining fields of Yellowknife they are practically ignored, standing silent and bewildered, as Mr. Finnie admits, watching this new activity. A quarter of a century will see a few square miles of country developed by mining corporations, but little consideration will be shown for the natives. His contention is that the native peoples will be swept aside by the tide of progress, "if they are to be forever pigeon-holed as hunters and trappers." According to his panacea they must take their place, with suitable training, as mechanics, prospectors, meteorologists etc. Even the growth of an indigenous culture is envisaged with sculptors, dancers, poets and singers playing their part.

This observant author notes in passing that a change has come over the fur trade, but passes it off as something incidental and unimportant. Perhaps he has missed what is perhaps the most important development in the north country. For centuries it held the country in trust for the natives, inflexible in its purpose. Today it sponsors modern development by developing transport routes and serving growing communities, ever mindful of its long standing obligation to the native peoples.

Canada Moves North makes good reading, in spite of its cynical vein, and the photographs, all of which with the exception of two are the author's, are really excellent.—*A. Copland.*

THE MONTAGNAIS HUNTER

by J. A. Burgesse

Illustrated by James Simpkins

". . . only if snow is upon the ground."

WHEN first a Montagnais child sets foot out of doors it is only if snow is upon the ground. Why this is so the writer does not pretend to explain; but the fact remains, and great importance is attached to it by the parents. To neglect it would be to court disaster for the child in after-life and, in the case of a boy, would prevent him from ever becoming a hunter of repute; nor could his health ever be good. Children who learn to walk during the summer months are kept within the confines of the family tent, or hut, until the snow flies, and care is taken to see that, until then, they do not cross the threshold.

Education begins with the first hesitant steps. Both boys and girls are provided with snowshoes almost as soon as they can walk, and snowshoeing is one of the principal pastimes of the Indian child. Later, the little ones may be given a small toboggan, to which they do not fail to harness the family puppies and, in gaining for themselves valuable experience in dog-driving, manage to train the young huskies, too. In fact, most Montagnais sleigh dogs are trained, in this manner, by children at play.

For the first five or six years there is no segregation of the sexes. Both boys and girls, in company, amuse themselves with snowshoes and dog teams—and lots of fun they seem to have. However, soon the sexes reach an age when their education requires that male and female follow different courses, and it is rare, indeed, to see boys and girls of more than six years of age playing together.

Boys, of course, are trained as hunters and, usually, their first weapon is the cross-bow or *passigan atshapi*. This cross-bow is found only as a child's toy, and is never used by an adult, which is remarkable since the straight bow is often used by the Montagnais hunter in order to kill small game and thus conserve rifle ammunition. The child's cross-bow is of the traditional pattern and, amongst the Pikuakamu (Lake St. John) Montagnais at least, has a trigger release. This, however, may be a modern innovation, for models used in other districts have no trigger. The bolts are short sticks, weighted at the head. The boys are expert marksmen and have no difficulty in knocking over small birds etc.

As the boy grows older, he graduates to the ordinary straight bow, which, in his hands, is a deadly weapon. With it he can keep the family stew-pot well supplied with partridges, hares and other small game. Later, having mastered the cross-bow and the straight bow, he receives his first rifle—a .22 calibre—and becomes established definitely as one of the family hunters. There remains now only his own ability as a hunter to provide him with his other weapons—a shot-gun and a high-powered rifle, usually a 30/30 carbine—for these he purchases with money he himself has earned. It is a real event in the life of a Montagnais youth when he can saunter into the Hudson's Bay post, side by side with his father, and trade his skins for a rifle. If he is lucky—and his father a good hunter—he may even be fortunate enough to get the rifle advanced to him as *mishinaigan* (debt).

Naturally, education in woodcraft comes early in life, and every young boy is expert in the making and operating of various types of snares and deadfalls. One trap, very popular with the young of both sexes, and in which whiskey-jacks are captured, is constructed with nothing more than a pair of snowshoes and a length of cord.

Though girls, as well as boys, get some training in hunting and trapping methods, their education in the ordinary course of events is directed entirely along different lines. Little girls are instructed in the care of the younger children and in the art of keeping house—and who says Indian housekeeping requires neither training nor talent has never lived in a tent. They are also taught to gather and cut wood; to fish with line and net; and to make and embroider articles of clothing, snowshoes etc.

However, the schooling of the Montagnais child is not entirely confined to material things. During the long winter nights a finer type of instruction is given the little ones, and this as a direct result of missionary influence. Religion is a living thing in the woods, and close to the heart of the hunter. It may not always be practiced according to a strict rule, but it has sufficient meaning to the Indian to impel him to inculcate its principles into the hearts of the youngsters. Family

". . . in his hands, a deadly weapon."

prayers, both morning and evening, are the rule—even in the heart of the woods—and each child learns something of his catechism. The Montagnais are by no means a literate people, but many of them have books written in their own language, and it is by no means rare for parents to endeavour to teach their children the mysteries of the printed word. Instruction in counting is also given. This is very elementary, of course, but it proves sufficient to enable the future hunter to carry on his business relations with his trader in an intelligent fashion. Tales, told around the camp fires, and a few tribal songs, complete the course.

The Montagnais parent loves his child and, to a white man's mind, would often seem to spoil him.

". . . a fresh and sometimes boisterous sense of humour . . ."

This is not at all the case, for the Indian is indulgent only to the very young and, as the child grows older, teaches him his various responsibilities towards the family. A Montagnais boy, on reaching manhood, is sufficiently trained to take his place in the community as a responsible person when the time should come for him to do so. He has had his fun when he could enjoy it most—as a child—and has learned to be self-reliant as he grew up. However, he never quite loses a child-like simplicity in things outside his immediate ken, and retains a fresh and sometimes boisterous sense of humour which is occasionally puzzling to a more sophisticated mind. This is diametrically opposed to the white man's system, whereby the children are subjected to repression throughout their early years, and look forward to their majority, which will enable them to escape from the parental shackles and enjoy freedom from restraint.

Montagnais children are rarely beaten and, should they ever get out of hand, a sharp reprimand, spoken in the presence of others, is usually sufficient to bring them to reason by very shame. Yet these children are by no means pampered. As soon as they are able they must take their place in the economic system of the family. It is no uncommon sight to see very young children doing simple tasks around the tent. They are proud of their ability to perform useful functions and it shames them to have a stranger offer to help them in a task which seems to be beyond their capabilities.

When a boy grows to adolescence there is no trace of any special ceremony of initiation into tribal membership. With girls, however, it is otherwise. At the first signs of puberty, a young girl is separated from the family and takes up her abode in a small tent some distance from the main encampment or village. This tent is marked by attaching to its peak a spruce or balsam bough, and men and boys are strictly forbidden to approach it. The Montagnais claim that, were a male to see the maiden during her segregation, he would be stricken blind. They relate a tale reminiscent of that of Peeping Tom of Coventry, in which one such fellow lost his sight. During this important period the girl is served by one of the female members of the band, and all utensils used are said to be purchased new for the occasion. Sometimes these utensils are destroyed when the girl returns to the family. This seclusion does not appear to be, in any sense, a ceremony of initiation into full womanhood. Rather it seems to be in the nature of a protective measure, it being realized that the girl has reached a critical period of her life when she needs protection from the influence of evil spirits. The custom, said to have been pretty general in the past, has disappeared from the southerly bands.

Perhaps the most remarkable custom of the Montagnais, and certainly the best known, is that which governs betrothal and marriage. Courting, or "walking out," is quite unknown, and it is indeed a rare sight to see young people of marriageable age associating with members of the opposite sex. The French-Canadians of the Montagnais country have an expression, *Faire l'amour en sauvage*, which describes the violent altercations which sometimes crop up in usually peaceful unions. The expression is based on a belief that an Indian throws sticks and stones at the object of his affections and, generally, "treats her rough." This has some foundation in fact, though the Montagnais method of courtship is not really bellicose.

"Faire l'amour en sauvage."

What happens is that the young brave, having made his choice, and being desirous of learning if his suit will be favourably received, manages, by devious means, and quite without ostentation, to seat himself at a slight distance from the girl. Without seeming to notice her at all, he will begin to play with the little pieces of sticks and twigs which are to be found everywhere in the woods. These he will toss hither and thither, without apparent design, but making very sure that the line of flight will turn nearer and nearer to the girl. Finally the twigs begin to fall at her feet. Boy and girl continue to ignore each other, but should the girl pick up the twigs and toss them back, the

suitor will know that he has found favour in her eyes. On the other hand, if she ignores them altogether, he knows that he must look elsewhere for a mate. It is as simple as that. No getting into a pother or dither—and no diamond to buy.

When possible, marriage ceremonies are now performed at mission time, and before the altar, but occasionally this cannot be done and the ancient custom is followed. According to this custom, as told to the writer by a Montagnais who had witnessed one, after all arrangements for the wedding are completed, the bridegroom arrives at the home of his bride, spreads his blanket in a corner which has been prepared for him, and lies down upon it. His presence is ignored by the family until the bride approaches and lies down beside him, thereby publicly acknowledging the boy as her husband. This ceremony is merely symbolic, and the marriage is consummated later. Such marriages are, of course, now blessed by the missionary as soon as possible.

It would seem as though marriages of this sort were, at one time, arranged by the post manager. This is indicated by the following, culled from the Chicoutimi post journal for October 20, 1802: "Married, that is, sent . . . Kietsibu with Marrianne fully fitted for a winter hunt."

According to Montagnais custom, the bridegroom lives with his wife's family, and serves his father-in-law, for a certain number of years. This may be a relic of a matriarchal system, the existence of which is pointed to by other customs. This subjection of the bridegroom usually lasts until the birth of the first child, when it is relaxed to the extent that the young father may then hunt for his wife and child. He usually remains as a member of his father-in-law's family, however, and hunts in the same territory.

The fathering of his first child is of immense importance to the Montagnais hunter, for it is an indication of his arrival at full manhood. It gives him social standing and permits him to speak his mind in the community with some chance of having his words listened to and his advice followed. So diligently does the newly married hunter seek after this honour of fatherhood that it is an axiom in some parts of the country that a hunter cannot be expected to trap successfully during his first winter of wedded bliss.

However, the dignity accorded paternity does not mean that a childless hunter has no place in the community, for many quite respected hunters are childless. Their social standing, however, has been earned by sheer ability in hunting or in some other important activity of the woods. It is accumulated over a number

"It gives him social standing . . ."

of years as the Indian advances to maturity. A childless hunter has much to suffer from the quips and jests of his more prolific fellows, during the early years of his marriage.

Montagnais families are very happy and bitter family disputes are rare. Nominally, the husband is the head of the family but, in practice, the wife is of greater importance. She decides everything of moment: to what part of the family hunting grounds they will go; with whom they will trade; how long they will be away, etc. This is no secret to the traders, who are careful to keep on friendly terms with the lady, giving her little presents from time to time.

Death, in an Indian family, is as tragic an event as in any other, yet the Indian takes death quite philosophically. One never sees anything in the nature of uncontrolled paroxysms of grief, so familiar amongst whites. Indian grief is silent, controlled, and dignified —but it is indeed very real.

In bygone days, the dead were buried in family plots, usually situated on a well defined point of land projecting into a lake or river. Now, however, the dead are usually brought down for burial at the mission, unless this is quite impractical. The old burial grounds are still to be seen throughout the north, and these are usually well tended by the descendants of the hunters who sleep in them. The passer-by, if he has lived with the Indians, will pause awhile and, having made an offering of tobacco, will smoke his pipeful, allowing the incense from the bowl to ascend over the grave as an offering to the soul of the hunter, wherever it may be—roaming the Happy Hunting Grounds to the east, beyond the *uapan*—the dawn.

". . . sheer ability in hunting . . ."

AMATEUR DOCTOR

How a Hudson's Bay fur trader fought a deadly epidemic among 125 Indians at a remote northern post.

Post Manager P. J. Soper.

Though the events chronicled here happened a year ago, the account which follows, from Post Manager P. J. Soper of Fort McKenzie, P.Q., has only just reached the Winnipeg office. Evidently he did not think it of sufficient importance to warrant an earlier report by radio. The business of a post manager is primarily to trade for furs and supervise transport operations. But the traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company call for much more than that. At the more remote posts, the natives look up to the manager as a counsellor, friend, and physician—the first person to consult in time of trouble. That the trust placed in him is not taken lightly is evidenced by this report. Probably the last thing that crossed Mr. Soper's mind was that it would be published.

The trip from Fort Chimo to Fort McKenzie mentioned at the beginning is the voyage of the fall canoe brigade on the Koksoak and Kaniapiskau Rivers, described in the June 1941 *Beaver* by Mr. Soper's predecessor, C. N. Stephen. It ordinarily takes about three weeks.

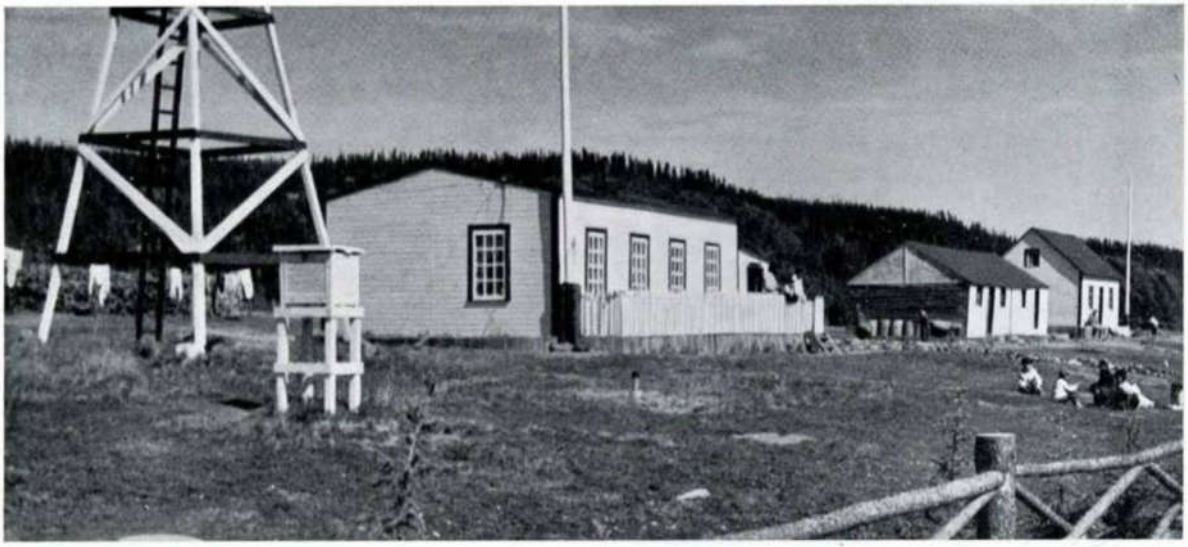
WHEN we left Fort Chimo on September first, one or two of the natives had colds, which were not serious, and which are to be found amongst any band of natives during the summer months. For the first two days on the river we had ideal weather—fine and bright. At mid-day on the third it began to rain, later turning to snow, and, as we were on the river between camps, everyone was properly drenched. From then until the end of September we didn't have a decent day, not one without either rain, snow or a bitter cold north wind.

After that, for the balance of the trip, it was more noticeable day by day that more and more were getting colds, and that those who had them were getting worse and worse. This state of affairs kept progressing until, by the time we reached the third and last portage, there were two who were no longer able to progress under their own power, having to be carried over the last part of the portage and in and out of their tents.

At the last portage, I decided to push on to the post, and so, after doctoring all hands as best I could with the limited supplies at hand, I left for Fort McKenzie with a crew of five men in the canoe, three of whom were more dead than alive. I arrived here on September 14, immediately fixed up the men, and told them to go to bed and stay there.

Next day the first two canoes arrived, bringing many tales of woe about the sick below on the river, and also bringing their share of the sick. On Wednesday the balance arrived, and, without exaggeration, they were, without a doubt, the sorriest and most dejected looking bunch of people that I have ever laid

A group of the Fort McKenzie Indians taken this summer by J. W. Anderson. "Doctor" Soper stands in front of the doorway.



Fort McKenzie, in northern Quebec, where the epidemic occurred.

eyes upon. They were all so weak and ill that it was only by herculean efforts that they were able to land the freight and stack it on the beach. I had it covered and left there until such time as I had men well enough to carry it to the warehouses.

After all were ashore and had either their own camps up or were billeted in someone else's, I mixed up a "saucepan" of mustard plaster, and, armed with that, plus aspirin, quinine, chlorodyne, dover powder, thermometer, etc., etc., I started to make the rounds of all camps. At present I can't recall how long that took, but I do know that never in my life have I plastered on so many plasters, administered so much medicine or doled out so much fatherly advice (in my pidgin Indian). However, in the course of the first round I found Pete Guanish, Jimish Shemagneesh, his son Jonus, David Natawappio and wife, Titchtipatio, Joseph Jackoush, Joseph Sandy, Pierre's wife, Shyetta, Shopapeesh, his daughter, Chescappio's wife Mary, and Mary Enish all seriously ill. The balance were all under the weather, but able to sit up and take notice.

After completion of that visit, and on returning to the house, a reaction set in—worries and doubts—what if half of them should die—when will I be able to get them away to their trapping grounds—did I do the right thing for so and so, etc. However, I made up my mind to carry on and do as I thought best. Made the rounds again that evening, still putting on the odd plaster and doing what I could for all.

This went on for two days. No one died, some began to show improvement, others were getting worse—noticeably so being old Shyetta and Jimish Shemagneesh's son Jonus. With Shyetta I couldn't reach a satisfactory diagnosis, but felt, seeing she had TB anyway, it was a case of a weakened condition plus the sickness that was sweeping through the village. With Jonus I believe it was bronchial pneumonia, and I did all I could for him; but he died Friday evening. That was the first, and I remember at the time I counted eleven on my fingers whom I wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for.

At the height of the epidemic, I had as many as one hundred and twenty-five to look after. Anyway I carried on, a mustard plaster on this one, aspirin, dover powder, quinine to the next and so forth. As soon as one was able to walk, I hauled him to the store and started him on his debt issue, because getting them away from the post as soon as possible still lurked in the back of my mind.

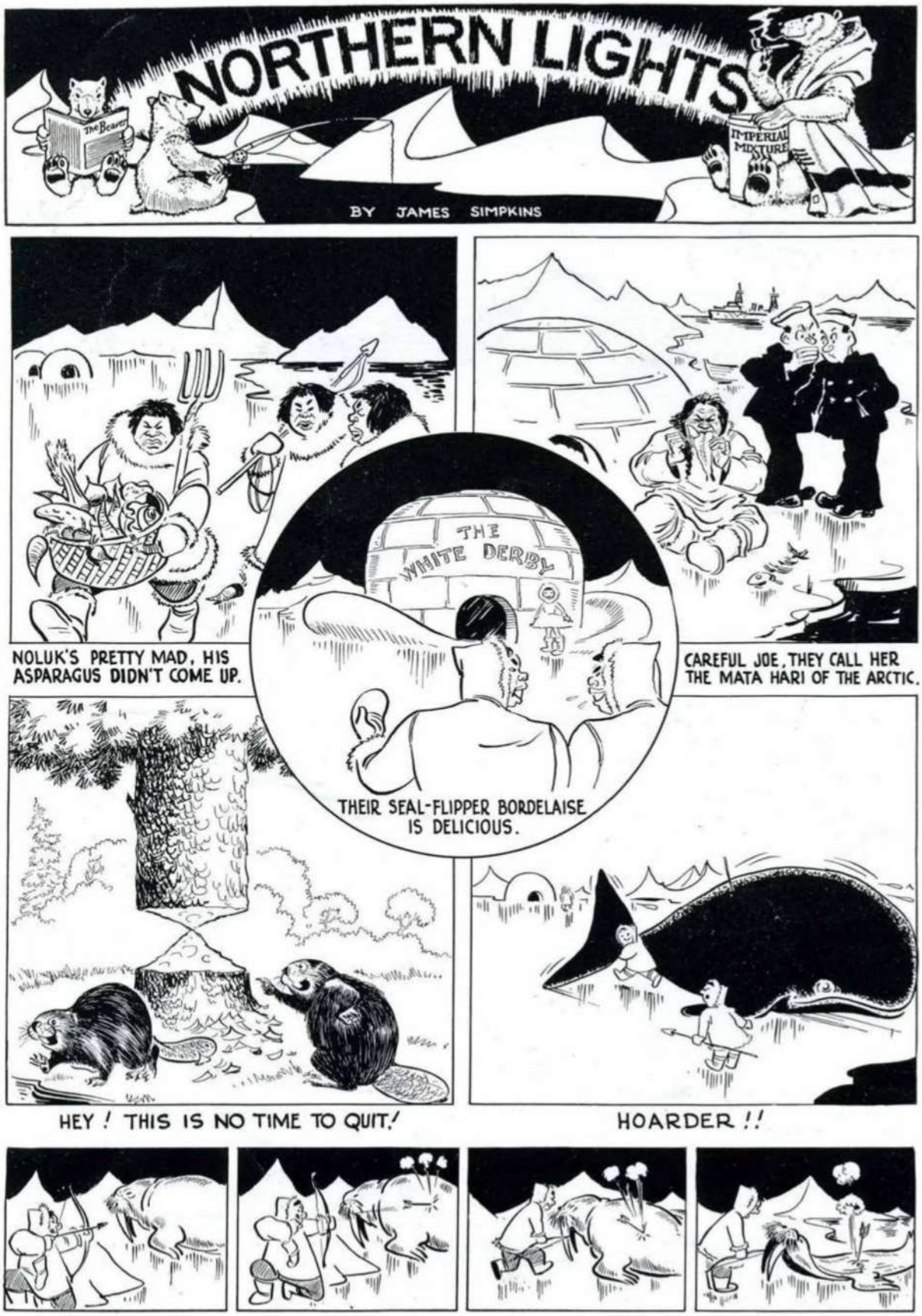
One evening, I too began to wonder whether or not I was going to go down—felt "pretty tough." However, after a couple of glasses of rum and hot water, a couple of aspirins and dover, I really managed to sleep, and woke the following morning very nearly as good as ever.

So time dragged on, some getting better, others about the same; but one morning the first were able to leave the post. What a sigh of relief I gave—and I think also a prayer that the rest too would soon be able to depart! Finally, all were able to leave, other than Pete Guanish, Joseph Jackoush and Titchtipatio. These men were still seriously ill, and some of their families weren't any too good. Anyway, I redoubled my efforts, and they began to show improvement.

Finally, on October first they were able to leave for their hunting grounds, and it was with a feeling of heartfelt thanks that I saw them vanishing down the lake. I recall picking up a calendar then and was hardly able to believe my eyes. It was but two weeks, all told, since they had arrived at the post. It had seemed more like two months.

But I still had Shyetta and Mary Shemagneesh on my hands. I gave up hope for Shyetta shortly after, and she too passed away on October 10. Her death, while not directly due to the epidemic, was certainly caused by it indirectly. At the time of writing, October 14, Mary Shemagneesh is still seriously ill, and I'm beginning to give up hope for her recovery. She has passed through the same stages as the others, but it seems to have left complications in the right side of the chest.

In looking back, I can't definitely state just what the epidemic was. Jonus Shemagneesh died of bronchial pneumonia, of that I'm sure. Shyetta's death was due to TB and complications. Of the rest I can only hazard a guess as to the nature of the illness, but I would say it was either septic throat, stomach 'flu and heavy colds, or a conglomeration of all three.


NORTHERN LIGHTS
BY JAMES SIMPKINS
The Beaver
IMPERIAL MIXTURE
NOLUK'S PRETTY MAD, HIS ASPARAGUS DIDN'T COME UP.
THE WHITE DERBY
THEIR SEAL-FLIPPER BORDELAISE IS DELICIOUS.
CAREFUL JOE, THEY CALL HER THE MATA HARI OF THE ARCTIC.
HEY! THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIT!
HOARDER!!

Cover Picture

The fisher seems to have got its name, not from the fact that it fishes—because it doesn't—but from its partiality for fish bait in traps. It is the biggest member of the weasel family, measuring sometimes as much as three and a half feet in length, and the fastest; and it is as much at home in the trees, where it can catch squirrels and marten, as on the ground, where it can overtake rabbits. It is also about the only animal (except man) that makes a habit of killing porcupines.

The handsome fellow pictured on our cover was bred at the Company's fur farm at Bird's Hill near Winnipeg. Fisher are fierce brutes, but Miss Squire, with characteristic hardihood, got right in the pen with this one to photograph it. As W. O. Douglas, manager of the farm, puts it: "She had a way with animals."

It is exceedingly difficult to breed fisher in captivity, but Mr. Douglas has had great success, and his group of farm-bred specimens is now the largest in the world, numbering fifty in all.

McLoughlin's Letters

Two pages of this issue were set aside for a review of the fourth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society; but at the time of going to press, the first shipment had not arrived in Canada. This will be a further disappointment to members of the society who have been looking forward for several months to reading McLoughlin's earlier letters from Fort Vancouver to the London Committee.

Several reviews will probably have been printed before ours appears in the December issue. But readers can still look forward to *The Beaver's* review, because it will be written by no less an authority than Judge F. W. Howay, F.R.S.C., chairman of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, and one of the top-ranking historians of the Pacific Coast.

Camouflage

Some amazing—and amusing—claims were put forward, prior to 1869, by those anxious to prove that the Hudson's Bay Company was mismanaging its control of Rupert's Land. But about the best we've heard yet was recently brought to our attention by the Marysville, California, *Appeal-Democrat*. That journal, searching its files of seventy-five years ago, came across the following choice item from the issue of July 21, 1867—just three weeks after the creation of the Dominion of Canada:

"A lake larger than Superior is said to exist in British Columbia north of Lake Superior. It has, so the story goes, been concealed by the Hudson's Bay Company, but it is probable that the new government of Canada will have that region thoroughly explored. The lake is named Neepigon."

Lake Nipigon, we might add, is about sixty-five miles long and about fifty broad. The original item was probably culled by the California paper from a Canadian publication which should have known better. We don't know whether the Company was ever officially accused of this remarkable feat of camouflage, but, if it was, it probably replied that the lake had been known since before the foundation of the H B C; that it had never been in the Company's territories; and that it was 1200 miles from British Columbia.

Beaver Binders

In the March issue we carried a Packet note stating that we would supply binders for *The Beaver* if we received enough requests. Unfortunately we haven't yet received enough, so for the present the matter will have to stand. However, if you applied, your name will be kept on file.

Distribution

In choosing articles for *The Beaver*, we usually try to spread them pretty evenly over the whole Dominion of Canada. But as some districts produce so much less material than others, this isn't always possible. The occasional reader complains that we spend too much of our space on the Arctic. To this we generally reply that, through the Company's fur traders, we have a rare opportunity to get authentic Arctic material which is of great interest to most of our readers. No one has ever complained of too much material from the large area known as the Eastern Woodlands, comprising Labrador and northern Quebec and Ontario. Yet, in number of pages, that section of the Dominion runs the Arctic a very close second.

During the last three years, *The Beaver* has devoted 93 pages to the Arctic, 90 to the Eastern Woodlands, 52 to the Pacific Coast, 45 to the Interior of British Columbia and the Yukon, 44 to the Prairies, 27 to the Northern Woodlands (northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan), and only 24 to the enormous area from the headwaters of the Athabaska to the Arctic Ocean, known as the Mackenzie Basin.

The reason for this last discrepancy is hard to find. There is plenty of history connected with that part of the country, there are lots of Indians and Eskimos inhabiting it, and it is distinguished by some magnificent scenery. But those who have submitted articles and pictures on this huge district have generally limited themselves to steamer trips on the Company's boats down to Aklavik. Somehow we feel that there must be lots more happening down the Mackenzie than just steamer trips.

Occasionally we devote a large part of an issue to a special locality. A year ago it was the Company's operations on the Pacific Coast, extending north and south of the 49th parallel and out to Hawaii. Considering what happened three months later, the articles proved to have a more topical interest than anyone (except the Japanese) would have suspected at the time. This number, in view of the growing public interest in defence measures throughout British Columbia and the Yukon, devotes over a third of its pages to the historical background of that part of Canada.

Vancouver

On last Independence Day, at Vancouver, Washington—a city which was founded by Dr. John McLoughlin as Fort Vancouver—the Liberty freighter *George Vancouver* slid down the ways of the Kaiser Company only eighty-five days after the keel had been laid. Like the fort, the ship was named after the famous British sea captain who entered the harbour of what is now Vancouver, B.C., just one hundred and fifty years ago this June (see page 31).

Also on the Fourth of July, at Portland, across the Columbia River from Vancouver, the freighter *John McLoughlin* was launched by the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation.

Dam(n)

Some months ago, *Maclean's Magazine*, of Toronto, carried a touching little item about a C.N.R. section foreman who was fighting a losing battle against a colony of beaver in Algonquin Park, Ontario. The industrious rodents had built a dam in the customary fashion, and—quite unintentionally, we are sure—had flooded a section of track. The foreman broke a hole in the dam and installed a waterwheel there, made of tin cans, to keep the beaver away. The animals countered by stopping the wheel with a stick and incorporating the strange contrivance into their dam.

The foreman's next move was to put a lighted lantern on the scene of their nocturnal labours. The beaver carefully covered it with mud before resuming work. After they had plugged a culvert he built to carry off the water, the railwayman hopefully constructed a fence all round the dam. Naturally the animals thought this was fine, and they used the stakes to build the dam still higher. *Maclean's* account concluded with the remark that the foreman had begun to think it might be simpler just to remove the railway tracks and put them somewhere else.

Now we find, in the latest issue of *Maclean's*, an item to the effect that someone has found a NO TRESPASSING sign on top of a beaver dam beside an *abandoned* railway track in Algonquin Park. . . .

The nerve of some beaver!

Contributors

J. A. BURGESSE is already known to most *Beaver* readers as a competent authority on the Indians of Quebec. He now lives at Dolbeau, P.Q. . . . The photos of S. R. CRONE, late of Mistassinny post, now of the R.C.A.F., have featured our pages for several issues. . . . MRS. T. H. MANNING was a graduate nurse in the Maritimes before her marriage in the North. She is just finishing a book on her unique experiences, with a foreward by the present Lord Tweedsmuir, to be published in England. Her husband is now in the Canadian Navy. . . . B. M. MAY, who won the third as well as the second prize in the *Beaver* story contest, is now clerk at Arctic Bay. . . . GEORGE PENDLETON, who wrote the article on Johnny Berens in the last issue, is district accountant for Mackenzie-Athabaska, and an authority on the fur trade of that region. . . . MISS ALICE RAVENHILL is the very active president of the Society for the Furtherance of B.C. Indian Arts and Crafts, with headquarters in Victoria. . . . DR. T. A. RICKARD, whose article on the discovery of gold in B.C. appeared in the March *Beaver*, is a historian who is especially interested in the history of mining in Canada. . . . P. J. SOPER, post manager at Fort McKenzie, P.Q., joined the Company seven years ago. . . . J. A. STEVENSON is a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. . . . A. T. SWAFFIELD, post manager at Pond Inlet, is a Labrador man who has completed a quarter-century of service with the Company.

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AS LATE AS 1710 . . . more than half of this continent appeared on maps as "parts as yet unknown." But known—and treasured—even in those early days, was "the best procurable whisky of Scotland" . . . then imported only for officers of the Hudson's Bay Company . . . today available in both Canada and the United States under the definitive label

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NO TIME TO GROW OLD

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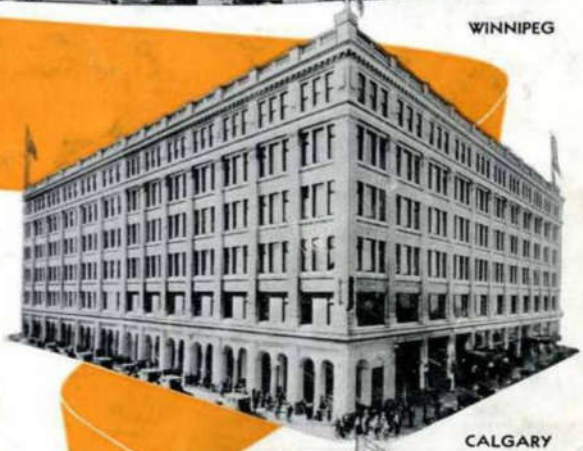

CALGARY

If you should ask us, "How long have you been in business?" we should probably look up our charter and say 272 years—but we've always been so busy keeping a step ahead of the times that we've had no time to grow old.

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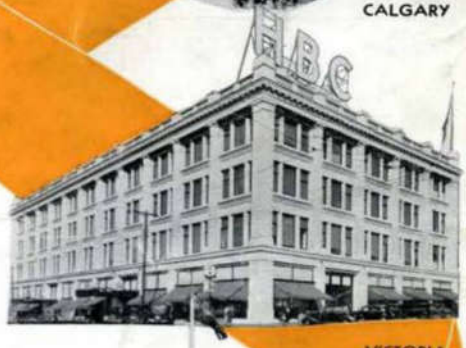

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